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A VISION OF GLENDALOUGH (*continued*)

By Joseph Campbell

[The first part of this poem was printed in the July-September, 1952, Number of this Magazine. The complete poem has not yet been published, but we are able, by the permission of the author's literary executor, to print the second part of it. For convenience, "Coemhghen" may be read as "Kevin."]

Threading her way along the grass,
A mother, with her infant child,
Makes the set stations. She is young,
Not twenty, one would say,—a girl;
But some corrosive, inward grief
Has seamed her cheeks and shrunk her breasts;
And the babe whimpers as she prays.
She is alone: no human shape
But hers is visible: and so,
Aware that she and the small wrens,
And the trout-stippled amber stream,
And the shy, bleating mountain ewes
Are all God hears, she prays aloud.—

Calm in the Lower Loch, its stones
Golden with light, Saint Mary's Church
Lies mirrored. Here, the errant girl
Kneels down. So firmly is her mind
Fixt on the purpose of her search
That, fearless in this public place,
She parts her shawl, and with the breast
Nearest her heart stops the babe's mouth.
Flesh joined to flesh, spirit to God,
Happy because most sad, her tears

Begin to flow. She pleads ; she prays
 As only mothers pray, her form
 Slight as a sylph's, shaking with care ;
 Calling on Mary, mother of Christ,
 To heal her babe, and give it strength ;
 Calling on Brighid of the Cloak
 To handsel her in what she lacks ;
 Calling on Coemhghen, woman-born,
 To help all sufferers. Four times
 Already has she made the rounds,—
 High Righfeart and Saint Coemhghen's Church
 Are still to visit in their turn
 Before her quest is done. But here,—
 Saint Mary's—she delights to pray,
 Lingerin, saying countless times
 The “ Sé do bheatha, a Mhuire ! ” Then,
 Soothed by the repetitive croon
 And the slow rocking of her arms,
 The child sleeps sound. The mother, too,
 Her passion spent, her tears half-dried,
 Lays her weight wearily against
 The warm south wall ; and, breath by breath,
 Minute by minute as the sun
 Inches from windowshaft to door,
 Becomes transfigured.—She is dream !
 Nimbus of silver weaves the moon
 Round her young motherhood, outcast,
 Save for the incidence of dream.

Suddenly, out of dream, and yet
 Most real, there appears a man.
 His coat of dark-blue hammercloth,
 Black satin stock and Caroline hat
 Proclaim him squire or baronet.
 He is a stranger, English by his look,
 And walks with a markt stoop, his hands
 Behind his back. He sees the girl,
 And halts ; his ruddy, weathered face
 Aglow with interest. Obviously,
 The encounter lacks surprise, for she

Had passed him at Saint Saviour's ;
 And he, intent on some detail
 Of the fine ruin,—parvis or sill—
 Had glanced her way, and noted her.
 (An antlered buck of fifty tines
 May con a doe one third his age !)
 But she was waking there, and here,
 Off guard, her mountain modesty
 Powerless to help her, rudely slumps,
 Showing her beauty to the sun.
 He stares ; his baser part impelled
 To manners worthy a horseboy.
 Then in his eyes shoots a swift gleam
 Of pity that such shame should be,
 Of pride before such loveliness.
 He turns aside.

Later, at noon,
 Were one to trail him, one would find
 Him seated amid Righfeart's trees,
 Where, within earshot, water falls
 Into a pool of foam. Apart,
 His hat and cane laid by, he writes
 In a worn memorandum-book.
 No casual wayfarer, this man,
 But an observer ; for the times
 Have wrought strange changes in the land,
 And Catholics, once legal serfs,
 Are now emancipate. For years,
 At home in Rydal, he has fought,
 By act, by word, but most by pen,
 Against concessions to the Pope,—
 Triple-tiara'd ogre ! — and his tools,
 The felon priests of Eire ; though
 Without avail. To-day, since law
 Has set its sacred seal on crime
 (Whiteboyism enthroned !) he sails
 To visit the pariah isle
 His hate has so irately lasht ;
 And *loves* it !—Who is he, this man ?

The poet, William Wordsworth. What
 The period? Eighteen Twenty-Nine.
 Let my rough verse praise famous men!
 (Scripture admonishes me thus)—
 And women, too. For they whose work
 Is dedicate, even that it show
 Some taint of dross, bring to drab life
 Nobility.

I think of twelve
 Attracted here by Coemhghen's fame
 (*His* aura of pure gold, fire-tried),
 Who came at different times, with gifts
 Various as the tongues they spoke,
 To lay them at the Abba's feet.
 Black Diarmuid came, though not with prayer;
 And Seathrún Céitinn, from the winds
 Of Eatharloch, or schooled Louvain,
 Where he had fled for fear; and, next,
 After an unrecorded gap,
 That curious farmer, Arthur Young.
 Shy Gabriel Béranger came,
 Carrying his paintbox; Thomas Moore,
 The lyrist; and Sir Walter Scott,
 At the behest of his brisk friend,
 Maria Edgeworth. Later came
 Doctor George Petrie, learned in all
 That touched Gaelic tradition, and
 The gentle Margaret Stokes; then Brash,
 The oghamist and surveyor;
 And, in our own embattled day,
 Parnell and Padraic Pearse. These names
 My pen must praise, for intellect
 Was their sure shield, not holiness;
 And they by works, rather than words,
 Loved Coemhghen greatly.

Lo, tonight,
 With myriad other presences,
 They walk the glen.

Time keeps its course,
 Winnowing odd revenges. See
 Saint Coemhghen's "Kitchen" near the bridge,
 Flayed to the bone by fire and rain,
 Once more in use. The parish priest
 Of Gleann-da-Locha calls his flock
 Under its barrel vault to Mass.
 'Tis Eighteen Forty-Three. The rake
 Of bigotry that combed the fields
 Rusts toothless, and poor Tadhg has leave
 To worship God in the old rite.
 No other shelter offers; for
 The thatcht Mass-House at Dosan Cross
 Was burnt some forty years ago
 By booted yeomen, riding in
 From black Newtown Mountkenedy.
 —Visitor to the shrine today,
 Examine the south-sloping roof,
 And weep the flaw that mars it! Fire
 Was not the cause, nor settlement
 For lack of sure foundation. No!
 This nameless priest (unchrissom wretch)
 Tore a great hole for wider light
 Where a six-inch embrasure stood,
 And, — *sutor ultra crepidam*—
 Menaced the pile's stability.
 He was a product of the age, —
 Anti-Young Ireland, Jansenist:
 A vintner's son, of servile books,
 Blind to the pentecostal flame
 By which the monks of Coemhghen worked:
 And so, striving for earthly light,
 He missed the rarer spirit light.
 His vandalistic breach became
 The spearhead for a general slide
 Toward negation. Pietism
 Increased, while character declined.
 The pride of the hedge schoolmasters
 And hither glensfolk lapsed, until
 Nothing was spoken by the hearth

But *Bearla briste*. Coemhghen's fame
 Dwindled before the Roman cult
 Of Benedict and Anthony ;
 And if his feast were chronicled,
 It was in drunkenness. I recall
 An oldtime guide (Päid Bairead,—
 His sealskin cap strung round with flies)
 Telling me how in youth he saw
 Termons misused for pissing-posts,
 And men, poised on the extrados
 Of one arch of the Keeper's Gate,
 Leaping through intervening space
 To the other. Then the Famine came ;
 And, final ignomy, the friars
 Of the Vincentian rule, urged on
 By Paulus Cullen, and the priest
 Of cold Rath Droma, banned the place.
 This was in Eighteen Sixty-Two.
 Thus darkness ended what the lamp
 Of Coemhghen, lit at God's right hand,
 Began.

Darkness (infernal shade,
 Antithesis of primal light)
 Lies on the stricken City now,
 Deeper than chaos. Hunter's moon
 Becomes a necromantic glass,
 In whose cold sphere, inverted, hang
 Dim carns, dim lochs, dim pasture-fields
 Tangled with thorn, and wavering peaks
 Of tower and cill, and shapes of graves.
 Into this lost Fomorian world
 Stray umbrae,—fox, or curlew faint,
 Or bees heavy with honeyflow,
 Or midges born of marish slime.
 A man walks, mandrake-like, his legs
 Forkt roots, creeping about the grass,
 Stript of freewill and quality.
 A woman shows,—an empty caul—
 Pouring thick cream in bollan-stone

And quern to appease the Sidhe, who fly
 Leftwise against the moon. A ceard
 Appears,—his nature neither man's,
 Nor woman's, yet of both compact—
 Grieving for love so stricken, art
 So buried under senseless grass.
 Beyond the drowned Keeper's Gate,
 At Doire Lasaireach, the eye
 Of Luther watches, and no sign
 Of occupation showing, sleeps.
 Lobus sleeps, too, his lubber sleep,
 Swinishly snoring as he sprawls.
 And sounder than the seven knights
 Of Aileach Neid or Ephesus
 The genii of the Churches sleep.

The dream is born, it grows, it dies,—
 Not of itself, but slain by hands
 Malicious or unwitting. See
 After a stormy aeon's end
 Bright Coemhghen's holiness forsworn,
 And honour done his adversary !
 Facing the troglodytic Bed,
 In a dry cleft, in serpent guise,
 Satan lies comfortably coiled.
 Baleful his look, attesting pain
 (So Milton visioned it)—and yet
 Somewhile it alters, and a thought
 Parts his fanged lips, as though to say
 That all is well.

Another year
 Rounds out to Eighteen Seventy-Five.
 Masons, with ladders, pierce the cills,
 Forgotten under fern and briar ;
 And hammers ring ; and in the air
 Is smelt the smell of slacking lime.
 The genii haunting the stones
 Rise on their rusted swords, and ask :
 ' Is the time come ? '—But these are hands,

Not minds ; these are the Gall-Phocs' men,
 Come to rebuilt what once they razed !
 These ciphers, understanding not,
 Answer not ! So the angelic swords
 Are sheatht again ; and darkness holds
 Its regnant power.

INVOCATION TO DARKNESS

Darkness obscene,
 Dull purgatory of fetid pitch,
 Proof of illumined minds ! Are ten,
 Even five of myriads aware
 That Beauty's torch is so extinct ?
 Now is black Aoife's fatal hour,
 The yoke of envy. Now gropes Lugh,
 Befogged ; and Balor's fungi sprout,
 Gendered by stagnant heat to grey
 Mandragoras, that grinning stand,
 Human they seem, but of a birth
 Perverted and unnatural.
 Now melts the Neaman's catamite,
 Beardless, in jellied oil, that she,
 Howling, may make a midnight dish.
 Now Mongan, metamorphosed, runs
 In shapes of werewolf, eagle, seal ;
 And all unhallowed, bedlam sounds,
 The iron club of Tethra loves,
 Shriek dire discordance. Proof of minds
 Initiate, yet reft of light,
 Darkness, thou rulest ! Far from thee,
 Daughter of floe-enwombéd Urd,
 Springs a Norn's strength of frozen flint
 To chasten giants. Boreal queen,
 Thou wert the test of Danaan art.
 Countered by thee, the apple harps
 Brought by the Tuatha Dé from Greece
 Broke into music ; and their flags,
 Whipt by sheer winds to iris hues,

Th' eirenicon of Noah's prayer
 Spread on inhospitable skies.
 Thou wert Religion's touchstone : else
 Patraic had been a wall of sand,
 Breandan a strawboy, and the crown
 Of Colm brittle, gilded glass.
 Art, holiness, the foil of art—
 They are the cordial a sick world
 Needs to restore it to rude health ;
 For from such drink its ageing veins
 (Slowed for the nonce) in days of power
 Drew crimson blood. Hail, Darkness cold !
 In paradox thus linkt with Fire.
 Hail, Fire ! Hail, Darkness !

Two Poems by Padraic Fallon

FIRST LOVE

And so it arrives, the moment
 Of moments ; not much to it, yet.
 A pale pigtail of a moment,
 The look not even languorous, nor the poise
 Very delicate :
 Little to indicate the torment
 To come, or the woman in the girl's disguise ;
 A moment, even, that a boy can forget
 And if he does remember it
 Will find it is the stir in every story ;
 As if that Goddess, in a shiver from the sea
 With her birth-bud trailing, but tall in a fleeting wet
 Uncertain glory,
 Made all his memory her mythology.

And already they are enemies ;
 Each seeking the thing not to be had,
 A mirror for the eyes
 And the larger equation of the self that is
 Not balanced in a bed ;

Nothing here to indicate the sighs
 To come or tell them that whether they kiss
 Or do not kiss the heart and head
 Start their journey to the dead.
 The thing she will remember will not vex
 Her housekeeping, but he stands where the decks
 Are stacked. Be careful of this equation, lad;
 Unbalanced x
 In all its powers is another sex.

AN OLD TOWN

What is it? Where is it?
 Tell me, Tholsel and Lane, tell me, Tower;
 Black Church, what is the secret
 Of the hard Norman heart,
 The builder
 Of this end where I start?

This old dark Burgher of a town
 So sure and certain of all it is, you
 Who turn your shilling and never ask the moon
 But make it half a crown, admit me!
 I, too,
 Am a power and a mystery.

I take over your old stone
 Mortared with moss. I ravish your decay
 And find I am all alone;
 A conqueror no whit;
 And you with your day
 Never done, still mastering the secret.

Is it that left hand never ventures
 To the right? And how could the Grail be
 One of your adventures?
 You, with your hard-faced God who strides the church
 On Sundays only
 And mailed in his money-thoughts clangs out the porch.

Three Poems by Patrick MacDonogh.

OLD EROS

Compulsions of the flesh have left him bare
 Of all a lonely intellect once planned ;
 The sensual present found him everywhere
 Daft with delight or blind with blood's despair
 Thrusting an angel off on either hand.
 Flesh on a frame, how should he understand
 The old predicament encountered there ?
 Final defection of intelligence,
 The unschooled mind refusing every fence,
 The argument that sinks into the sand.

So the few friends folly has not estranged
 Nor indolence foregone, endure the show
 Of what were thoughts, or works, had flesh been kinder,
 Poor tawdry anecdotes arranged
 In changeless dance, each linked with a reminder
 To hold some listener, too polite to go
 Out of his boredom's hell, while to and fro
 The puppets jerk, and grin, but never grieve.
 None joins the cast and none is free to leave
 The old blind master growing always blinder.

THE WISE COLONIAL BOY

Crinken in its holm oaks
 Brings back boyhood,
 Wood-smoke rising
 And the friend of our youth,
 Squatting on his haunches
 Boiling up the billycan,—
 Pilate washed his hands and questioned
 "What is truth?"

He saw it one way,
 We saw it many ways,
 Question or compromise
 Died in his brain;
 When, to survey our world,
 He climbed the Silver Spears
 We wandered widdershins
 Down a dim lane.

Desert and jungle swamp,
 Ageing, ennobled him,
 Dreaming continents
 Stirred at his name.
 Blest perspicacity!
 Might with the face of right,
 Black skin and white skin
 Were never the same.

Shadows enveloped us,
 Shadows delayed our speech,
 Shadows still whisper
 That nothing is sure.
 Action and certainty
 Are but a kind of sleep,
 Truth is a question, and
 Questions endure.

OUR LAUGHING DAYS WILL NOT BE LONG

Our laughing days will not be long,
 Then laugh while yet the chance is ours,
 Old Herrick in a timeless song
 Compared us with the short-liv'd flowers.
 But Herrick knew
 A trick or two
 To cheat time's minatory powers.

Our bony skulls outwear their skin,
 Then let your dimples have their day
 Before what's left of us shall grin
 And bear it out beneath the clay.
 Old Herrick knew
 A thing or two
 About the dangers of delay.

Pour me the strong restorative
 Of your good laughter when my fears
 Discount the paradox and give
 Your beauty to the greedy years ;
 For Herrick knew
 How laughter grew
 Most rich when most aware of tears.

GEORGE SANTAYANA

By Padraic Colum

THE philosopher and poet who, last September, at the age of eighty-eight, died in an Irish Convent in Rome, was a contemporary of Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, the younger W. B. Yeats: George Santayana in his beginnings was *fin de siècle*. He, too, shared in a regret for the spiritual fullness that had gone by, he, too, attempted to emotionalize the intellectual resources that remained. But there is something from another source in George Santayana's early poems: the poet of "Lucifer" and "The Hermit of Carmel" was a Spaniard, and the Spaniard, according to a critic of a recent Spanish poet, Garcia Lorca, holds that traditional "respect for honor, and sees on life's flashing mosaic the essential mask of death." And in this early work there is a passion for justice—not social justice, not justice between man and man, but justice to the universe. This poet would also try to appraise his own work justly. In an essay on a non-existent poet whom he sets up as his *alter ego* he tells us what to think of this early poetry of his (can one imagine any other poet of the eighteen and nineties doing the like?). He says:—

"Even if his verses seems at times a little thin and rhetorical, they prove abundantly what is also evident in his prose, that he has keen sensations, that images impress themselves on him with force, and that any scene whose elements are gorgeous and picturesque or which is weighted with tragic emotion, holds his attention and awakens in him the impulse to literary expression. But the plastic impulse is not powerful, or finds in the environment insufficient support Jean Lahor's attention is analytic; he is absorbed in his model, he does not absorb and master it by his art. He has not enough vigor and determination of thought to create eternal forms out of the swift hints of perception."

He does not say what even at that time could have been said about his poetry, that, more than any of his contemporaries he

had a sense of the drama of ideas. Because he had, and because images impressed themselves on him with force and because his attention was given to a scene "where elements are gorgeous or picturesque or which is weighted with tragic emotions," he was destined to write a dozen sonnets whose magnificence might well be envied by poets who had reason to know that their verses were not thin and rhetorical.

In that little known early dramatic poem "Lucifer," the Son of the Morning tells Hermes what had led him to his being cast out of Heaven: it was his urge to do justice to the world.—

"And as when sailors crossing some broad frith
Spy in the lurid West a sudden gloom
And grasp the rudder, taking double reef,
I nerved my heart for battle; for my doom
I saw upon me, and that I was born
To suffer and to fill the world with grief.
But strong in reason, terrible in scorn,
I rose. 'Seek not, O Lord, my King,' I cried
With solemn phrases to deceive my doubt.
Tell me thy thought or I will pluck it out
With bitter question. Woe if thou hast lied,
Woe if thou hast not! Make thy prudent choice!
Either confess that how thou camest to be
Or why the winds are docile to thy voice,
And why the will to make us was in Thee,
And why the pattern of Thy life is Three
Thou canst not know, but even as the rest
That wake to life behold the sun and moon
And feel their natural passions stir their breast
Thou knowest not why, so Thou from some long swoon
Awaken once, didst with supreme surprise
Scan thy deep bosom and the vault of heaven,—
For I did so when fate unsealed mine eyes.
Thy small zeal for the truth may be forgiven
If thou confess it now, and I might still
Call Thee my master, for thou rulest well
And in Thy kingdom I have loved to dwell,
Or else, if truth offend thy pampered will,
And with caressing words and priestly spell

Thou wouldst seduce me, henceforth I rebel.
 I knew his answer, and I drew my sword,
 And many spirits gathered at my side."

Lucifer who stands for truth, pride, justice, is overthrown by Mephistopheles, the spirit that denies the possibility of truth, the sensual spirit. Lucifer loses his self-sufficiency. Love enters his breast, it is love for Hermes, the son of Zeus, who has trusted him. Afterwards the Risen Christ asks Lucifer to save himself by faith, saying to him.—

"All can believe. It is not faith to know,
 It is not faith to trust when all is sure,
 But knowing not, to venture and endure.
 Thou, Satan, when I gave thee long ago
 The call of faith, didst ask me for a sign.
 The sign I gave thee was that thou wast mine
 And I was thine ; for love can also know.
 Thou wast too happy in thy lordly mind,
 Too rich in thy fond reason, for belief.
 Now thou are wiser, having tasted grief,
 And partly seeing, partly being blind,
 Art willing to be led. Me thou dost scorn
 In the proud days of thy tranquility,
 Who was thy God, not yet of woman born,
 And now, behold, a child is leading thee,
 So lowly is thy plight and so forlorn.
 Yet this repentance in thy sorrow's stress,
 If thou hold fast and suffer to the end,
 Shall be accounted thee for righteousness,
 Thou lovest me when thou dost love thy friend,
 And what thou dost to the least one of these
 Thou dost to me."

But Lucifer will not have faith, will not abate his pride ; his answer is—

"I live by truth, as ye by falsehood die.
 The wreck of worlds is my supreme release,
 The death of gods my immortality."

If the philosopher George Santayana did not tell us over and over again that he is a materialist, we could easily forget that he is. His philosophy culminates in the "Realm of the Spirit." For him, of course, this realm is continuous with the Realm of Matter and cannot be spoken of apart from it. And yet when he talks about the life of the spirit we feel that that life could only be fulfilled by men and women who had faith in something outside the Realm of Matter, who had hope, too, and charity. In truth we feel that without heroism Santayana's life of the spirit could not be lived, that it would stay on a level of dilitantism and aestheticism. Only heroic virtue could raise it above the ideal expressed in Walter Pater's books : we know, we feel, that Santayana wants the life of the spirit to be above that. Often, as in an aside, Santayana intimates that the age of faith did make an environment for the life of the spirit, as, when speaking of Dante's age he says : " Over a sea of rage and madness the spirit soared and was universally recognized and honoured as spirit." Santayana's tone is equivocal—I mean literally equivocal, equivocal in the sense that the word was used in mediaeval schools where it meant to speak with equal voice about two ideas that might be held in philosophy.

There is a passage in " The Realm of Spirit " in which he seems to admit his equivocalness. " My allegiance to common sense is distinctly not religious," he says, " but political or grammatical, and therefore from a spiritual point of view accidental : something particularly obvious to a man whose spiritual attachments lie in one quarter and his linguistic attachments in another." To him Spirit is natural to the realm of matter, a growth among other growths there, but in speaking of spirit his tone is often that of a man speaking of something that is acknowledged to have a divine source.—

" It has chosen what in its own eyes is the better part, intelligence, sympathy, universality. It has thereby chosen for all others that which their nature, in each case, demands ; but for itself spirit has chosen renunciation, not to be preached to others who cannot love it, but to be practised inwardly in its own solitude Suffering is not thereby abolished, either in the world or in the spirit, as long as the spirit lives in the world ;

but suffering is accepted and spiritually overcome by being understood, and by being preferred to the easy injustice of sharing only one craving, to be satisfied with one sweet Not striving to possess or to change the world, but by identifying itself only with the truth and beauty that rise unbidden from the world into the realm of spirit."

That perception of truth and beauty comes from its ability to select the essences that are all around it, for other names for spirit are consciousness, attention, feeling, though. But have the essences being in their own right? Here again Santayana's tone is equivocal. In one place he tells us.—

"To consider an essence, is, from the spiritual point of view, to enlarge acquaintance with true being; but it is not even to broach knowledge of fact; and the ideal object so defined may have no natural significance, though it has aesthetic immediacy and logical definition. The modest scope of this speculative acquaintance with essence renders it infalible, whilst the logical and aesthetic ideality of its object renders that object eternal."

But in what sense eternal one may well ask when he tells us that the realm of essence is the realm of imagined objects, the totality of all possible themes of thought, discourse, logic and fancy?

The whole of his philosophical series, the "Realms of Being" and the "Life of Reason" is directed towards the cultivation of consciousness, the stirring of the spirit, towards giving, through such cultivation and such stirring, a discipline to our minds and hearts. "My philosophy," he says in his review of 'The Realms of Being,' "is like that of the ancients, a discipline of mind and heart, a lay religion."

A discipline of the mind and heart can come to us through absorption in these wise and beautiful books, but I doubt if a lay religion can be founded on them. For George Santayana's is a meditative, not a contemplative mind, and as tragedy is spoiled by pathos and comedy by wit (if I remember rightly it

was Macaulay who said it) contemplation is spoiled by meditation. Religion, even a lay religion such as his admired Spinoza offered, is a gift of the contemplative spirit; the meditative spirit has not enough fixity to give it.

But what a subtle Doctor of the Church George Santayana could have been! Consider how, "The Realm of Spirit," he brings his own Trinity into line with the Nicene Creed! The Realm of Matter, that total groundless reality, breaking in upon nothingness with an overwhelming irrational force, is in theology The First Person of the Trinity. But there is a Second Person, the Son, and according to the Nicene Creed, all things were created through him. The Son is the form without which there could be no creation: the Realm of Essence. The Son was begotten, not made, and so matter and essence, or matter and form are independent and incomparable, while their existence is one and inseparable. The Holy Ghost, according to the Nicene Creed, proceeds from the Father and Son, the Spirit who spoke by the prophets.—

"I think it becomes clear that the divine element especially incarnate in human existence is spirit, not that matter or essence can be wanting, but that the novel fact and great characteristic here is the passion of the spirit . . . and as matter can exist only in some form, and form only in some matter, so spirit can exist only incarnate in the flux of matter and form, where nothing is stable or is perfect, if perfect at all, for more than a moment. Passion is therefore inseparable from spirit in its actual existence, and exposes it to perpetual obscuration and suffering."

Many who love "The Live of Reason" and "Realms of Being" were at one time expectant that George Santayana would frame a religion—not a lay religion with an assurance of God and immortality. But he did not transcend his Trinity—Matter, Essence, and that impermanent Psyche that he named Spirit, and which was no more than a phenomonon within a phenomonon—the rainbow above the waterfall.

But in one of his last poems he is still the materialist speaking, as perhaps a Spaniard has to speak, the language of religion:—

This dying is my life ; the infinite
Renews me. As a grape the vintner strains
My heart is crushed, that the red wind of it
May course, immortal Nature, in thy veins.

Yet the profane have marvelled at my prayer,
And cried : When did he love, or when believe ?
They little knew that in my soul I bear
The god they prattle of, and not perceive.*

* Quoted by the publisher's permission from "The Poet's Testament" now published in New York by Messrs Scribner's.

BOULTER'S MONUMENT : A POEM

By G. C. Duggan

BORN in Dublin in the year 1686 the Rev. Dr. Samuel Madden died in 1765 at the family seat of Manor Waterhouse near Newtownbutler in Co. Fermanagh. The Manor is in ruins to-day but an old mill-house still stands on the property. The service of Ireland rather than parochial duty was his life's main occupation, but the Church's loss was his country's gain. His sobriquet of "Premium" Madden recalls the part he played in the institution of premiums at term examinations by the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, for the encouragement of poor scholars. Other schemes initiated by him were the appointment of itinerant agricultural instructors and the provision of subsidies for encouraging local manufactures. To operate them, the Royal Dublin Society was born.

He was a close friend of Dean Swift—the one a natural patriot from pure goodness of heart, the other drawn away from the tortuous path of English politics by a love of justice that

inspired his bitter soul to devote the noblest part of his life to a land that he despised yet loved. Samuel Johnson, too, counted Madden as a friend, not a mere acquaintance, and his affection led him to remark on hearing of his death :—" His was a name that Ireland ought to honour."

In addition to Madden's pamphlets, there survive his very rare work " Memoirs of the Twentieth Century," a play " Themistocles " and the poem " Boulter's Monument " which he wrote in his sixtieth year—a late-blossoming of the poetical art that he had long discarded. For the sake of the writer and the historical associations of the poem it is perhaps worth while lifting for a moment the poppy of oblivion that has fallen on this work.

One could wish that the subject of this fulsome panegyric had been someone of more saintly life than Dr. Hugh Boulter, Primate of all Ireland. For Boulter was no Jeremy Taylor nor was he a Berkeley or a Bedell. He was one of those worldly prelates, towering figures that appear from time to time in every country. Catholicism and Protestantism both know them. Thomas à Becket, Wolsey and Laud are outstanding English examples. Boulter was their British prototype in Ireland.

Professor Curtis has written of him, " a pure-bred Englishman, thirteen times a Lord Justice, he filled the great offices in Church and State with Englishmen and got his majorities in Parliament by the distribution of offices, pensions and bribes " Froude, as might be expected, draws a more flattering picture.

There must have been more in this cleric than an efficient instrument of English policy in Ireland, for otherwise Dr. Madden is not likely to have fallen so completely under his masterful personality as to feel impelled three years after the Primate's death in default of any other panegyrist to write this astonishing 2,000 line threnody. He obviously did not write it from self interest nor was he in Boulter's lifetime under any obligations to him. He was inspired solely by admiration for " the patriot and the saint ". He writes in the postscript to the poem : " If we consider a man spending a long life in honouring his Maker and doing good to men : If we see him adding great funds to hospitals of different kinds : building and repairing several Churches, founding eight large almshouses : relieving by known and secret bounties a great number of private families : doing

offices of Charity and Kindness to crowds who applied to him for relief : feeding for many weeks in a famine from three or four to seven and eight thousand indigent persons every day, assisting the imprisoned and the sick as well as the starving : and leaving the remains of his fortune when he died to pious uses (the whole of his donations making near £100,000) it may possibly seem sufficient not only to justify an affectionate poet but the severest historian in any Encomium he could write on him ". One is driven, however, to criticize a system under which a prelate sprung from lowly origins could amass such an enormous fortune even if he made good use of it in his time and for a limited section of posterity. Anyhow Madden had chosen his subject and it is no use lamenting that he did not write about someone else. Friendship alone inspired his verse. He had waited for three years. His dead friend lay buried in what was still a nameless grave in Westminster Abbey and no pen had written his epitaph. Was there none of all those writers born and educated in Ireland to answer the demand for some permanent record ? In the poem Hibernia puts the question—

" But where's the Bard ? My Congreve is no more !
 Good Southerne slights the Laurel-wreath he wore !
 Steele's social hand no longer strings my lyre !
 And scarce Swift's Ashes shew the smother'd fire ! "
 (Swift died a few months later).

Madden, while deprecating any claim to be a poet, feels that he must step into the gap and the panegyric opens :—

" Shall Boulter die and no memorial show
 A Realm in ruins and a church in woe ?
 Shall he to every art and muse a friend
 Neglected to the silent tomb descend ? "

The adulatory passages in the poem are spoken by the Nine Muses each of whom takes some particular aspect of Boulter's virtues and hymns them interminably to Hibernia, who is represented as a maiden prostrate with woe at Boulter's death. Too often there is little to fix the attention, so general is the phrasing, but sometimes one can see the man and not merely the tropes that deck out a dummy figure :—

" For tho' he loved dead authors' stores to read,
 Yet, as on living quarries eagles feed,

On conversation he depended more
To touch that bullion and refine their ore.

* * * *

He took not thoughts on trust, but loved to be
From that mean vassalage of readers free.

* * * *

He gained by converse and reflection more
Than he had glean'd by pondering folios o'er."

This discarding of learning by Boulter—the man of action throwing his classics overboard—provides Madden with a telling comparison :—

" So when a palace mounts into the skies,
The scaffolds help to make the building rise :
But when 'tis finished, all must disappear :
Nor crowd the structure, which they help'd to rear."

Dr. Madden's verse is frequently competent and virile. There are many passages which have the feel and flow of poetry. The inherent weaknesses to which the plan of the poem lends itself are prolixity, fustian and fulsomeness and the result is almost disastrous. Dr. Madden realised this when the work was completed, hence the prose postscript by way of apology to the reader. He says truly :—" A moral panegyric poem is the most arduous to the writer and at the same time the most nauseous to common readers who for reasons they best know are but too apt to be delighted with satire and disgusted with praise ".

Amidst the flood of laudation, only a slight eddy here and there in the poem shows a snag beneath, a human weakness in his hero, an occasional outburst of anger, his " Chafe of temper ", a lack of deep learning, an imperviousness to criticism.

In the years 1728 and 1741 Ireland's recurrent famines swept the island accompanied by outbreaks of disease. Boulter, already 75 years of age at the latter date, did not spare himself physically or financially in his efforts to mitigate its tragedies. Here Madden's poetry in descriptive passages put into the mouth of Hibernia reaches moving heights :—

“ The plague sent out was by this Aaron stayed
 Who rushed between the living and the dead
 The famine came but by his cares withdrew
 For with the dearth God sent this Joseph too.

* * * *

The barren land forgot her fruits to yield ;
 In vain they plow'd for God had cursed the field.
 Wild as their wants men fought for food around,
 For noxious roots they tore the faithless ground.
 Herbs, weeds and grass they plundered from the beasts
 While tears for salt, supply'd their horrid feasts.
 By nightly stealth the blooded ox they drain
 And close in secret the exhausted vein.
 They drink it reeking from the purple Bowl,
 And glut the daring hunger of the soul.

* * * *

Here fevers leagued with famine swept away
 Whole towns and tribes, an undistinguish'd prey.
 Here homeless wretches rob the hedge for fire,
 Faint in the field and o'er the flame expire ;
 While others poisoned by the inclement air,
 Perish by cold and hunger and despair.
 With passion wild, for speedy death some prayed
 For life was, then, but death too long delayed.
 While some to prop faint nature fondly strove
 As if with pain and want and woe, in love.
 Round their dead parents starving orphans cry'd,
 Kissed their cold lips and helpless pin'd and dyed.
 The infant wanted strength to burst the womb
 And in the mother's bowels found it's tomb.
 Nature's unborn were sacrificed to death,
 Or if they sprang to being gasped for breath.
 Here Boulter's soul in its full lustre shone
 (Death was in haste and half his work was done).
 Absorb'd and swallowed in the public woe
 His tears for private sorrows ceased to flow.
 This outcast of the world ! And trade's despair !
 This realm of ruins ! called out all his care.”

Boulter rose to the occasion when the emergency was on him. Madden's own cure was different. He wanted to forestall the evil. One of his footnotes to the poem puts forward a suggestion. "It is to be lamented that tho' granaries (especially in Dublin Cork and Belfast to name no more) are so absolutely necessary to the well-being of Ireland, they have never been established by law".

Scattered through the poem in the text or, as here, in the footnotes, are Dr. Madden's personal views on steps to be taken to alleviate the wrongs and the penury of Ireland. In one he avers that Ireland, like the Duke of Clarence, is perishing in a tun of wine—French wine "which in time unless new taxes are laid on it must necessarily beggar that island".

The poem deals not only with the social benefactions and administrative ability of Boulter, but with his care of the Church. He had weeded out abuses amongst the clergy—

"No great man's slaves, no cousins of his whores,
Nor my lord's fool in orders filled his cures".

Is it fanciful to suggest that in this couplet one sees the hand of Dr. Johnson who it is stated read and advised on the poem before publication? Johnson had not yet written the "Vanity of Human Wishes", but his "London" had been published and he was already on the road to literary fame.

It is perhaps unkind to quote lines which might better have been omitted but why deprive the seekers of bathos of an occasional find?

"To lowly souls elastic force is given
Dash'd to the earth they bound the more to heaven."

"To Heaven scarce altered this Elijah's gone
And mixed with saints perceives he had been one".

There is no lack of optimism here regarding the Primate's future state: he has already discarded the apron and gaiters:—

"Ha, mark what gleam is that which paints the air!
The blue serene expands. Is Boulter there?"

Yes, yes, I see him rise with glory crowned
With rays from heaven's rich wardrobe circled round."

Dr. Madden has a weakness for dress. The confections of the Muses are adequately described but to the modern reader their attire seems occasionally flashy while the flimsiness of gauze, if the Doctor had allowed his glances to wander too far, would perhaps have been a little too revealing to his chaste eyes. The artificial respiration which the Muses give to the fainting Hibernia may have been suggested by the medical practice of his father, John Madden, a Dublin doctor.

"These lift the dying fair one from the ground,
Some chafe her temples : some stand weeping round.
These with their garments fan the air, and these
Open her breast and bend her to the breeze".

To Madden something great passed with Boulter's death. He endeavours to see in the appointment of Chesterfield as Lord Lieutenant some hope for an island that the penal laws had brought to helpless inertia, but his real feelings break out near the close of the poem. He saw the governments of England and Ireland drifting into a state of material cynicism and political corruption, and in his despair his poetry achieves a memorable quality.

"Oh ! mortals, what are all your labours here ?
And the wild tumult of the circling year ?
Whose prospects with the short liv'd Rose decay,
Whose whole of bliss is in the present day !
Wealth, by long toils, you struggle to obtain,
Yet find it got with care and kept with pain !
Lands joined to lands in vain you haste to buy,
Poor reptiles born to leave them and to die !
You purchase but an inn where all your stay
Is but the weary minutes of a day !
Behold the summ'd up cares of humankind !
They sow a tempest and they reap the wind !
Then after all their senseless labours past,
Death seizes the repining fools at last :
When, forc'd to lay the burden down they bore,
Tossed in loud storms, by night, upon the shore,

The shipwreck'd merchants, with their treasures lost,
Run howling round the dark and dreadful coast ! ”

One other passage is equally striking. It is inspired by that quality in Boulter which inheres in true greatness—the ability to pass over the faults of others.

“ Men grave their wrongs in marble : he more just
Stoop'd down serene and wrote them in the dust.
Trode under foot the sport of ev'ry wind
Swept from the earth and blotted from his mind.
There silent in their grave he let them lie
And griev'd they could not 'scape the Almighty's eye ! ”

MY MR. O'MAHONEY

By Padraic Fallon

MRS. LUCIUS FLORENCE O'MAHONEY had arranged that the first week of her husband's annual holiday should coincide with the big Bridge Tournament at Killarney. On the day before they were due to travel, however, her eldest sister, moneyed and a spinster, was taken ill, so she took the car and the sparse petrol ration and left Lucius Florence with nothing to do except to sprawl in the bank window—where he got bored, sail his dinghy—which had become too nippy for him, play golf—which none of his friends played until evening, sleep all day—which he wouldn't, read all day—which he couldn't, or walk much and drink a little which with certain qualifications suited him very well.

So on the first day he walked and drank, at least he walked a little and drank a lot, and on the second, somewhat ashamed of his headache, he pushed the dinghy down the slip and found a nice sailing air which made him think of early days when he was a simple clerk at the Collenmore branch, a small sea-village at the mouth of the Suir, and this bit of thinking brought him on

the third day to bestride his bicycle like a young man and push forty miles through a dog-day that did everything but bark at him until in the afternoon he floated downhill into Collenmore and stamped into the hotel on legs that were as stiff as dolmens and almost as heavy to lift. When he signed his name in the Register, the reception clerk eyed him with interest. "Somebody," he remarked, "was asking me about a Lucius Florence O'Mahoney who used to stay here thirty years ago."

"Thirty years?" said Mr. O'Mahoney. "It's thirty-eight, my lad. That cock-tail lounge wasn't here. This foyer was black oak and there was always the ghost of a smell of frying fish—who was asking for me, may I ask?"

"A new girl we have in the bar, sir."

Mr. O'Mahoney tugged his six feet up another inch and smiled a man's smile. "Imagine that, now," he said. "The girls we leave behind us. Well, well! She should be fat, fifty and neurotic by this time. Am I right?"

"You're not far wrong," the clerk grinned.

"Ah," said Mr. O'Mahoney. "It's the ugly ones have the good memories. Are you giving me my old room ever the verandah? Good. This bag is all I have. Fits the grid of the old bike, you know. I'll bring it up myself."

Mr. O'Mahoney had a long bath and after it he went down to have as long a drink. He walked stiff-legged into the new lounge where drowsy sunshades creamed and mellowed the light. Two uninteresting-looking elderly men occupied tall stools by the small square of the bar. Inside the bar the ginger frizzy head of a woman appeared over the counter underneath which she had been stooping. Mr. O'Mahoney went out again to the reception clerk. The clerk grinned. "Well?" he queried. "Did she nail you?"

"Who?" said Mr. O'Mahoney. "Oh, the girl? Is that her? I only saw the dyed head on her, but Glory be to God if a man can't guess the complete structure from the size of the chimney-pot he should be sent back to school again. Has she knock-knees and fallen arches?" asked Mr. O'Mahoney.

"She has, indeed," said the clerk.

"In that case," said Mr. O'Mahoney, "I refuse to believe I ever looked on her with loving kindness."

"Ah, according to her she was only a bit of a child at the time. I suppose you wouldn't remember saving her life any time?"

"I would not," said Mr. O'Mahoney. "But sure a week never passed over without one or other of us saving somebody's brat from the water. We were all heroes, man. No medals, you understand, in those days, but—er—perquisites. Young matrons on holiday and all that. But I suppose it's the same still and you know all about it?"

"I wish to God I did," said the clerk.

"I'm looking for a newspaper," said Mr. O'Mahoney. "Or a picture paper. Anything," said Mr. O'Mahoney. "Even a child's Comic Cuts. I've cycled forty miles and I want to sit down on a soft chair with a drink before me and I don't want to talk to those sad-looking geniuses who are occupying Lovely at the bar. Holiday acquaintances," orated Mr. O'Mahoney, "have a habit of mistaking the bar-room for the confession-box."

He took the paper and stalked into the lounge. He sat down at a table under a window. He ignored the bar-maid until she stood wide-toed beside him and then he barked at her. "A beer!" he said as they say it in India. "A beer!" he thundered. "With a crust and a sparkle in it. And don't stand here all day my good girl!"

She flushed at his tone, was about to bridle, but turned instead and hurried off on her splayed feet.

From the edge of his paper Mr. O'Mahoney watched her and scratched his memory. "Never," says he with finality. "I had taste always. I don't believe it," said Mr. O'Mahoney, and he frowned slowly down forty years.

At the other side of his newspaper the trio resumed their conversation in low voices that grew gradually more normal as they forgot his presence. The bar-maid did most of the talking. She spoke with a cockney intonation, she regarded her two companions soulfully from popping eyes, she was excited and intimate.

"When Jerry—the reception-clerk, you know—walked in here and says to me, 'your fancy man's come to town,' why, you

could have knocked me down with a feather. 'Fancy-man,' says I. 'It's nothing like that with him,' says I, 'nor with me neither. Why, he must've bin married long since, might've sons near as old as me. So, dry up, Jerry, me-lad!' says I, 'And go back to your pen-wiping!'

She looked soulfully at Sad Man No. 1. "But wasn't it just the cutest coincidence, Mr. Francis?"

Mr. Francis nodded.

"But wasn't it? Fate, that's what I call it. It's like a call—you know? There in London I get word that Jim's gone in the north Atlantic and I get sick of everything, of the bombing and the rations and the way I have to keep on saying, 'no whiskey, sir,' or 'ration used up' to those nice boys, and I get thinking of the time Mummy and me was over here before—before——"

She pulled herself up and blushed. "I was eight years old then and we had the loveliest holiday. After Mr. O'Mahoney pulled me out of the drink—just outside there before the verandah it was—we got to be marvellous friends, him and Mummy and me, off in his little boat every evening when the bank closed. It's lovely higher up, woods and trees and lovely quiet grass, the happiest time I ever had in my life, and I kept thinking of it after Jim was lost, and all of a sudden, just as if a strange s-t-r-a-n-g-e voice had called me, I wrote to this hotel and asked if there was a sit. going, and straight back a week later came Mrs. Dempsey's letter, and here I am, and I ask if Mr. O'Mahoney ever comes here now and they say they never heard of him, and I'm terribly disappointed, straight I am, and then again, like a bolt from the blue, like an answer to a prayer, in walks my Mr. O'Mahoney."

"Oh, I'm just dying to see him," she burred. "Pour the best brandy over me, boys, if I faint. I'll choose the bottle."

"You mightn't know him," said Mr. Francis. "A man changes a lot in thirty years."

"You bet I shall know him. Just watch me. Woman's intuition, you know. Why, I bet I'd know him in a Cup Final crush."

"Give us something similar, Miss Leacock!" said Sad Man No. 2.

"Rightyo, Mr. Knight."

"I've heard the name Leacock only once before," said Mr. Francis. "It's not a common name——"

"My Daddy was anything but common," Miss Leacock interrupted.

"I don't mean it in that sense of the word——"

"Apology accepted," Miss Leacock snapped brightly. "Daddy had a big job on the Railways."

"If that's the case he might be the same man that I knew. Superintending Engineer attached to the Cardiff end——"

An excited Miss Leacock leaned towards him. "Why, that was my daddy," she shrilled. "You're the first, the very first person, I've met who knew him. Why, we're a kind of old friends, you and me——"

"I was at Head Office," Mr. Francis went on. "Used to file his reports. W. P. Leacock. Am I right?"

"It was W.R." Miss Leacock gurgled. "William Rowstone."

"Head Office was very sorry for him, you know. If that enquiry hadn't been a public enquiry we'd have kept him on somehow."

"Wasn't it awful?" Miss Leacock mourned. "Though, really, I know very little about it."

She shut up suddenly as the door opened and a big-bosomed woman in a housecoat came in. Miss Leacock smiled evasively and busied herself with the water-tap. The woman came behind the counter, saluting the two men by name, ordering Miss Leacock off to her tea.

"——And don't be dallying now, Miss Leacock, for I've a world of things to do before dinner——" And Miss Leacock said, "Yes, Ma'am," and sidled off with her brightest smile.

"What happened to her father?" asked Sad Man No. 2.

"Drink," Mr. Francis answered laconically.

Mrs. Dempsey pursed her mouth. "Ah," she said. "And I'm afraid the daughter isn't behindhand with a nibble. Jani:

found two empty Baby Powers this morning under her mattress. Well, well, I suppose I'll have to be getting rid of her too, bad cess to it."

Mr. Francis sipped his Scotch. "Bill Leacock, they say, never touched a drop until the year before he made a hames of that embankment near Port Talbot. Bad smash, that. You might remember it, twenty-four killed. Can you give me a box of matches, Mrs. Dempsey?"

"I can't then. They're the scarcest things we have. I'll give you a few out of my own box."

"Thanks," said Mr. Francis. "It's at the back of my head that he left his wife suddenly and started drinking like the devil. There were rumours anyway. Whether he divorced her or not I can't say. It must be—let me see—that smash, now—why it must be thirty-six years ago. Yes, thirty-six."

"Hum," sniffed Mrs. Dempsey. "And she told me she was only thirty-eight. I'd be rotten meat if I was hanging since she was thirty-eight. When she told me she was staying here long ago as a visitor, mind you I didn't believe her for she has more the look of an orphanage off her than a good home. 'Thirty years ago,' says she, not knowing I had an old register here since old Hayes's time. I was curious, don't you know, so I made a search and begannies, to my surprise, she was there all right, herself and her mother. Mrs. Sally Leacock and daughter Bella. Only it was thirty-eight years, not thirty. Musha, you'd be sorry for her all the same, born into a good income like that and then thrown out on the cold world."

"It's sad," shrugged Mr. Francis.

"The whole bloody world is a sad place," said Sad Man No. 2.

"The mother must've been a queer one," said Mrs. Dempsey.

"I never knew her," said Mr. Francis.

Mrs. Dempsey looked at the chromium clock. "Ah, sure, it takes all kinds to make a world, man. Dear, dear! Is it a rest-cure this one is having? God help us, we have to put up with a lot in running a hotel those times. Ah, well. Here she is, thanks be to God, and I can be going about my business. Good-bye to ye, now——"

She wandered off. The sun was edging sleepily under the window-shades, the lounge drowsed on its thick carpet, but Miss Leacock was as devotedly bright as ever.

"Had a nice tea?" Mr. Francis asked.

"Marvellous," said she. "Real Irish food. The staff, I must say, are real well fed."

"You didn't meet your Mr. O'Mahoney?"

"MY Mr. O'Mahoney?" She laughed archly. "I'm sure he'd be charmed if he heard you call him that. Well, Jerry didn't see him go out, but since his room is on the verandah—the same verandah where Mummy and me used to have our room—he needn't come down through the foyer at all. You should have asked for those rooms, you two gentlemen, there are four of them, all with French windows letting out on the verandah, lovely. Mummy and me had the end one. I often thought it was sad we hadn't Jim with us, but Jim wasn't born till the following Spring."

"Oh, Jim was your brother, then?" queried Mr. Francis. "I thought he was your—boy-friend when you mentioned him some time back."

"Aow, no. Jim was my baby brother. He fell in for all the lean times. No holidays in Ireland for poor little Jim."

"That would be after the enquiry into the embankment crash I expect?"

Miss Leacock hesitated. "I didn't know about the enquiry," she said.

A wash of thin colour ran up her face. "That must've come after Daddy left Mummy. You probably know, Mr. Francis, there was—some trouble. Daddy was always lovely to us, and then there was some kind of row between them and he—just left us. Must've been the Scotch blood in him, don't you think?"

"Aye," said Sad Man No. 2. "I'm Scots masel——"

Miss Leacock apologised with shrill laughter.

"Your Daddy being Scots," continued Sad Man No. 2——

"Oh, but he wasn't Scotch, just a——"

"Bit of the tar-brush—I know. And so, when it came to a show-down he went awa' wi' a' the siller? Eh?"

"I think—so," confessed Miss Leacock.

"Well!" said Sad Man No. 2. "Let me tell you it's no' because he was a Scotsman he did that. It's more likely he did it because he considered himself an injured mon. When a mon leaves a woman on her uppers, he's usually a right cause for the same."

"But surely he didn't leave you altogether penniless, Miss Leacock?" asked Mr. Francis.

"Well, I remember Boarders for a bit. But it mustn't have paid, for when Jim was still a baby we came to be at Grandmother's and Mummy only came to see us only so often. Then, Grandmother died, and—and——"

Miss Leacock turned away for a bit, and Mr. Francis said: "We're being shamefully personal, Miss Leacock. Don't talk any more about it if it distresses you."

"It's all right," Miss Leacock. "I'm not ashamed to tell gentlemen like you that I've bin in an orphanage. It's not that what makes me cry. No, sir. I got over all that a long time ago. It's just the thought of little Jim. You see, they separated us, let me see 'im only for a few secs every day, and he used to bubble up and cry when I used to leave 'im. My, it makes my eyes quite wet whenever I think of 'im as a baby."

"I suppose they pushed you out to a job when you were fourteen?" said Sad Man No. 2.

"Well, I had a nice sit in a tobacconist's shop in Clapham High Street. Mnn. Not bad. But the hours! There were other snags, too. I was expected to help with the housework, but that meant just doing all there was. I didn't mind much on account of the salary gave me something to spend on Jim. Boy, used that kid be glad to see yours truly when I'd pop in of a Thursday with a load of chocolate caramels. Aow, you need somebody to work for in this world——"

She interrupted herself brightly. "Why," she said, "I seem to be telling you boys the story of my life."

"And very interesting it is," said Mr. Francis. "So little Jim went to sea? Navy or——"

"Oh, Merchant Navy, of course. My Jim had brains I can tell you. He wasn't officer-class and he knew it."

"Ever sit for his certificate?"

"I should think so. Why, he was a foreign-going Master at twenty-four and he had his Extra-Master's Certificate a year later. And, now, oh, well, I've cried my fill for him, but believe me, I can't go for a walk along the pier but I——"

Mr. Francis nodded sympathetically. He was an old grey man. "My boy is out there, too," he murmured. "Not too far—from what we could learn. That's why—his mother and I—happen to be here. She wanted just—to get close."

There was a silence.

"It's a sad life," said Sad Man No. 2.

"It's a hard life," said Miss Leacock. "But keep your pecker up I always say. There's always a silver lining. I know. Why, take the time I got sick and they packed me off to hospital, and when I came out again, there was the old job gone up the spout. Was I annoyed. I should think so. A dole's not much good to a girl who has no folks you know. After six months of it I was a suicide case. Straight I was. Then along comes my Jim home from a voyage and lugs me along to the very job I was made for, nice cushy sit with his prospective in-laws, living-in, and the lap of luxury I can assure you. All for the best, whatever happens."

Mr. Francis shrugged sadly and she leaned earnestly towards him.

"Oh, one must believe that," she said. "Or life's not worth living."

"It's no great shakes anyway," said Sad Man No. 2. "Give us two doubles—just to make it bearable. Will you have a little nip yourself, Miss Leacock?"

"Me?" said Miss Leacock. "Thank you. I never touch it."

"It eases you round the corners," the sad man said. "Here's looking at your blue eyes."

The door opened and a woman in deep black walked in slowly. The two men stood up. "Oh, there you are, you two," the woman said. "Are we not going for a walk before dinner?"

"A walk," echoed the sad man. "Exactly what we were thinking. Let's stroll to the end of the pier and jump over."

Nobody laughed.

"Well, well," said Mr. Francis. "We've had a very nice evening—with Miss Leacock helping us along. Miss Leacock, Marion, is something in the nature of an old friend. You may remember me speaking of Bill Leacock?"

The woman regarded Miss Leacock without interest. "I 'spect so," she murmured. "And now, are we having our walk?"

Mr. Francis finished his Scotch. "Shall we go up to that nice wood?" he suggested.

The woman shook her head.

"Perhaps across the links?" he added.

"I'd like a walk along the beach," the woman said.

At the door, Mr. Francis said in a very low voice. "Marion, it's no use, my dear. Even if the sea did throw him up—it'd be—gruesome, Marion."

"I know," the woman said as quietly. "But—I can't help it, John."

The Trio walked into the Foyer.

Left alone, Miss Leacock turned to the mirror and patted her peak. Then she heard a small sound from the alcove in which Mr. O'Mahoney had ensconced himself under the window. He was snoring gently.

"Nasty old buffer," murmured Miss Leacock. "One of them Indian-army fakes I 'spect."

She rinsed the glasses and rubbed a cloth on them. She yawned. She sat on her stool. She had a clear view of Mr. O'Mahoney's corner. She yawned again. "Rather like our Jim," she said.

With her eyes fixed on the sleeping Mr. O'Mahoney, she slipped a hand to the whiskey bottle on the low shelf behind her, tilted some into a glass, knelt down below counter-level and swallowed it in a gulp. She sat up again. "That's better," she said. She munched a lozenge. "Definitely like our Jim," she murmured. And yawned again.

The door of the lounge opened and the Reception-clerk peeped in. "'Lo, Beautiful!" he whispered. "Doing anything with your fancy-man to-night?"

Miss Leacock placed two fingers on her lips and frowned, pointing to the slumbering O'Mahoney. Jerry looked.

"Oh," he said. "So you found him, did you?"

"Him?"

"Doesn't seem to find you very interesting, does he? Now, if it were a case that I was in his shoe-leather——"

Miss Leacock stood up slowly.

"Jerry, you don't mean——"

"Mean what?"

"It's not him?"

"Not your Mr. O'Mahoney? Why, I thought you'd know him in your sleep——"

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Leacock.

Jerry grinned and disappeared. Miss Leacock sat back on her stool and watched Mr. O'Mahoney. In a little while her hand felt back for the whiskey bottle again and she tipped off a fairly small one under the shelter of the counter.

The lounge slowly reddened with the evening sun. The dinner-gong boomed in the foyer. Mr. O'Mahoney rubbed his eyes and sat up sore and stiff and in very bad humour. He wasn't amused when a tottering barmaid, smelling strongly of good Irish Whiskey and peppermints, stood before him. She had difficulty in speaking.

"You," she croaked. "You—saved my life."

In a rotten temper he eyed her up and down. "Why?" said Mr. O'Mahoney. "Now, why should I do a thing like that?"

He got up.

"You," mouthed Miss Leacock with drunken exactitude. "You—save—m'life—wanna thank you——"

"Has the gong gone for dinner?" Mr. O'Mahoney asked.

He walked out the door without bothering about her. It was unfortunate for Miss Leacock that she followed him, for Mrs. Dempsey was standing in state at the door of the Dining-room.

"Saved—m' life," said the swaying Miss Leacock to an astounded Mrs. Dempsey.

"I think you'd be best off in your bed, me lady," Mrs. Dempsey said.

Miss Leacock wagged an earnest finger. "Wanna thank my Mr. O'Mahoney," she said.

Mrs. Dempsey beckoned Jerry. "Up to the room with her," she ordered. "Quick, before we're all disgraced."

Jerry took her arm and she went quietly enough. "Wanna go the verandah room. It's my room. Wanna go there. Wanna go in through the window like Mummy used to come when I cried for her in the dark. Wanna wear a nightie like Mummy."

Drunkenly she wheeled on Jerry and tapped his chest with slow emphasis. "My Mummy wore silk, pure shining silk, she wore moon-light, young man, when she came running in when I called her."

Her face changed. "When I called her," she repeated. Her face puckered in a spasm of concentration. "But where was she?" she asked, "that I had to call her? Why wasn't she beside me in bed?"

"Don't ask me?" Jerry said. "She wasn't with me anyway."

"Where was she?" Miss Leacock mouthed.

"Ask your Mr. O'Mahoney," grinned Jerry.

For a moment Miss Leacock looked as if she were about to arrive at some shocking and unexpected answer to her question. Her hand remained half-lifted, her gaze, fixed on Jerry, focussed far beyond him. Then, as suddenly, her face collapsed into its drunken stupor again. She smiled beatifically.

"Mr. O'Mahoney," she said. "Oh, I'd love to see him again. Some day I'm going back to Ireland to see my Mr. O'Mahoney."

"Good," said Jerry. "We'll light bonfires for the pair of you. Up on your bicycle, now, and climb the stairs. Take the first door on your right. Nighty-night, now."

"Nighty-night," Miss Leacock answered blithely.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal.

HARRIGAN'S GIRL. By Seamus de Faoite. 37 Theatre Club.

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By John Millington Synge. Gaiety Theatre.

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. By Tennessee Williams. Bernadette Hall.

THE MAN OUTSIDE. By Wolfgang Borchert. 37 Theatre Club.

Seamus de Faoite had an original climax to *Harrigan's Girl*. There was also at the beginning a hint of lively dialogue but this petered out into commonplace *longueurs* and the originality of the main plot was dimmed in a hazy dreamy cynicism that pervaded the whole play. All the ingredients for good drama were present but they were stretched far beyond their intrinsic potentialities. Dick Harrigan is able to put up with his life as the husband of a drab drunken virago because of the memory of a single meeting in his youth with a girl whose beauty and sweet disposition he is never weary of recalling to his sympathetic listeners. He is horrified to discover that his ideal is none other than his own wife, who has concealed from him the fact of their earlier encounter. So far this was good theatre but the circumambient action was nearer good vaudeville.

In the unchanging scene in a bar of a small Munster town we are treated to *quasi* variety turns in which the antics of the Professor have a large part. It is his ambition to see the Isles of Greece out of deference to Byron's lines on the subject (which he continually quotes), but he is thwarted by his wrong choice of winners. He is abetted in these antics by his Jockser companion, Billy Shine, who contributes his meed of horseplay to add to the futility of the Professor's playing of the horses. Both these parts were played with reckless enthusiasm by Brendan Keegan and Michael McCabe respectively. For no particular reason, the Rambler (Patrick Layde, not so happy in a dreamy-talkie rôle) seems anxious to collect Jack Garvey (played by Dave Kelly) to walk the roads with him and abandon any idea of settling down with the good-looking barmaid. The latter (Eileen Morrison, who has talent and stage presence) has the thankless woman's job of keeping off the crude advances of her publican employer (Sam Lynn convincingly unpleasant) as well as the worthy desire to live down a somewhat tarnished past.

These side issues, with much noisy singing and endless tippling, kept the play dubiously alive in J. J. Foley's bar. Julie Hamilton as Mag Harrigan might have saved the production from being commonplace had the author not given her a part so repetitive as to be boring. The best acted character of the evening was

Jack McGowan's Dick Harrigan—the husband torn from the dream that has made his wretched life tolerable.

The migration of many of our best actors across the sea to Hollywood, Broadway, Elstree or London has long been the concern of theatre managers as well as cause for lamentation among playgoers, who have to be indoctrinated by critics' pep-talk into accepting succeeding actors without complaint, though the comparison impulse can never be restrained. It was pleasant, therefore, to find that there is no finality in a film contract and that the dollar is not the divinity that shapes our dramatic ends. The nostalgic tug is still a force and can restore to a local appreciative public such world figures as Siobhan McKenna and Cyril Cusack. This appreciation was made manifest by the crowded houses at the presentation of *The Playboy of the Western World*. We are not used to the Gaiety Theatre as a venue for what we now consider national drama, but it must not be forgotten that it was at this theatre that one of the pioneering productions of the revival took place. It was here in fact that *Diarmuid and Grania*, written in collaboration by Yeats and George Moore, had its first and only appearance and which readers of this Magazine were able to study in its first printed form some two years ago.

In some fifty years *The Playboy of the Western World* has become a classic in the best sense. Familiarity with its title and content has not become an excuse for disregarding it as a force in living drama. It is all too easy for actors and critics alike to behave like dignified pallbearers of a respected dramatist, re-enacting periodically a solemn ritual of interment and repeating an accepted formula of production and comment. It looked indeed that such a fate was destined for Synge until we were awakened to new beauties contained in the text by an individual interpretation of the part of Pegeen Mike by Siobhan McKenna. Marie O'Neil as the original Pegeen had the undoubted advantages of the dramatist's personal approval and advice, but surely, as with all great rôles in the history of drama, many readings are possible and go to prove the intrinsic richness of the playwright's creation.

Siobhan McKenna brought to her acting something of that popular imagination which Synge found in his Ireland and which he described in the preface of the published play as "fiery, and magnificent, and tender". He could not, had he lived to see Miss McKenna's performance, have found more apt words to portray it.

Cyril Cusack's Christy Mahon had an initial natural coyness and charming boyishness that merged well with the changing fire and tenderness of Siobhan McKenna, rising to the final serio-comic heights of the "master of all fights". Both these actors as well as Walter Macken, who played an impeccable unkillable Old Mahon, caught the Gaelic mode of Synge's rhythmic prose. This cannot be said for most of the other players; their slurred diction, or rather their Anglo-Saxon neglect of unstressed syllables, marring the perfection of an otherwise memorable production.

There seemed to be an unnecessary 'modernism' in the technique of Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*. It is certainly a convenient device

from the playwright's point of view to allow a narrator (himself a character in the play) to inform the audience what has been happening between scenes and so speed up the actual action on the stage. I am not sure that an audience likes this interference with *vraisemblance*, with plausibility. The conventions of the theatre may be arbitrary and change, if it heightens the dramatic quality, would always be acceptable; but change for change sake can prove an irritant. The play's theme of the shy crippled girl with her passion for glass figurines and schoolgirlish 'pash' for her brother's friend—the friend who appears unexpectedly, seems to be about to gratify her romantic dreams only to leave her to meet his fiancée—is well known because of the popularity of the play in its cinema form.

The main rôle is that of her mother—a part played by Eve Watkinson, an actress who has not been seen here for some time. With the memory of a series of fine parts sustained by her at the Gate Theatre still in the mind, her performance as Amanda Wingfield was a little disappointing. She maintained the accent of America, as spoken in the southern states, without lapse throughout the play and it was perhaps the monotony of its rhythm that dulled the senses and tied down the actress herself so that her big moments were nearly always just a little short of bigness. She gave the impression that she was holding something in reserve but she never called on the bank of her savings. There was poise but no power in her performance, which was, however, sufficiently competent to make me want to see her in a part more likely to bring forth those passionate outbursts and that wild quality that I associate with such a rôle as that of Agave of which she made so much in Lord Longford's translation of the *Bacchae*.

Mary Rose McMaster limped and trembled with the required pathos as Laura; Jack Aronson, both as the latter's brother, Tom, and as narrator, acted with a smooth efficiency, whilst Maurice Good as The Gentleman Caller behaved with the requisite awkwardness and chivalry in a trying dramatic situation.

We are, perhaps, both too near in time to the post-war period and too far in our island isolation from post-war Germany fully to appreciate the problems presented to us in Wolfgang Borchert's play *The Man Outside*. It deals with the heaped up horror of a German soldier returning to his defeated country at the end of hostilities. It was, I understand, the author himself who declared that this was a play no theatre would produce and no public would want to see. He is sound in this remark, not only in relation to his own fatherland, but to any part of the world where there is an impulse to survive, for in life despair must be conquered by hope. The hopelessness in this drama is unrelieved. It is an intensely serious play and in keeping with the high purpose of the 37 Theatre Club.

The battle between nationality and cosmopolitanism, which A.E. envisaged at the beginning of this century, is no longer joined in this country. Ireland has given and still gives the world works of art that have their sources in Irish traditional culture. We do not exclude, however, what the world has to offer us, and the activities of such groups who let us taste for ourselves the quality of drama produced by other countries can only make for a better understanding of life and thus provide additional subject matter as well as inspiration for new techniques to our native dramatists. Barry Cassin, as Beckmann, bore the main burden of the piece and brought to his acting a fine sincerity and clarity of diction.

Art Notes

By Edward Sheehy.

CONTEMPORARY IRISH PAINTING AND SCULPTURE. Summer Exhibition at the Victor Waddington Galleries.

IRISH EXHIBITION OF LIVING ART. National College of Art.

PAINTINGS BY PATRICK PYE. Dublin Painters' Gallery.

RECENT SCULPTURE BY HILARY HERON. The Victor Waddington Galleries.

It is significant of the scant importance which our authorities attach to the arts that the obvious need for an exhibition of contemporary Irish painting and sculpture during the annual Congress of International Art Critics, held in Dublin in July this year, was completely ignored. But for the Waddington Galleries the visiting critics would have departed with no more idea of Irish painting to-day than could be gleaned from the feeble, inadequate, I might say uninformed, collection at the Municipal Gallery. True, the authorities retained their Tostal tribute, *Fifty Years of Irish Painting*, with which I dealt in the previous number. For my strictures of that exhibition I owe an apology to its organiser. Apparently the idea was a very much belated afterthought to organised rural frolics and bowls of plastic flame, and a colleague of mine was public spirited enough to undertake to do in a few days a job to which the most expert could have given a month. It is all very well to resuscitate the past, while being, of course, comparatively safe; but the contemporary critic is primarily interested in what is being done here and now. On the other hand, remembering one or two municipal incursions into the field of art, perhaps it was just as well that the matter was left in expert hands.

Certainly the exhibition was well-selected and, considering limitations of space, adequately representative. Without belying the title of contemporary, since many academic and near-academic deviationists were represented, it showed that modern Irish painting has energy, variety, and has, moreover, achieved originality without the blatancy and brash assertiveness of the movement in its more callow days. Apart from one or two obvious exceptions, it has become technically less selfconscious and therefore more humanly expressive, more emotional. The hanging was a psychological triumph. The spectator was, as it were, led through an anteroom of academic calm, past a sombre but familiar Keating seascape, a quietly evocative MacGonigal, a sweetly decorative fantasy

by Lady Glenavy, two crudely strong and most untypical Paul Henrys. On the threshold there is a feeling of uncertainty when we see three religious pictures by Patrick Pye, mystical in their undisguised sincerity, disconcerting as private prayer in a public place, certainly not gallery pictures, or if for a church, then only for a very small, obscure little church hallowed with local pieties. After this one is ill prepared for the romantic magnificence, the blazing colour, the violent energy, the poetic suggestiveness of Jack B. Yeats, whose six pictures fill the small Gallery II in purely physical terms. Actually they create, in brilliant, free, emotionally satisfying paint a heroic world, liberated by the imagination from the greyness of mundanity, a kind of adult fairy tale world in which no movement is without significance and no stick or stone, cloud or tree, without life. Even the meditative *He Reads a Book*, with its comparatively quiet paint and static subject carries, by implication, the tempestuous movement, in paint and subject, of *Shouting*. It goes without saying that Yeats is a Romantic painter. Of any Irishman in any art he comes nearest Arnold's "cloudy and lightening genius of the Gael"; and as for his technique—in argument with some of my foreign colleagues I was tempted to quote: "Others abide our question. . . ."

In Gallery III we meet our accepted moderns: Colin Middleton, whose rich and brilliant palette leads superficial observers to take him for a disciple of Yeats. To me the differences are fundamental and obvious. Middleton, for all his technical freedom, is a painter of life, of the immediate reality, albeit transmuted by an innate poetic vision and a warmth of human sympathy. In *Seaman's Wife*, with its sombre tones and sympathetic quality, we perceive a fidelity not to appearances, nor accidents of time and place, but to a deeply felt emotion. Where Yeats, as it were, transcends the human condition through imagination and fantasy, Middleton accepts and transmutes it through faith, hope and charity. Even in *Fish Buyers*, *Ardglass*, a Yeatsian subject, treated freely and imaginatively, Middleton is primarily involved with the inner reality of his flare-lit group. In Daniel O'Neill we return to fantasy, sophisticated, poetic, personal; expressed in paint that is at once reserved in colour and sensuous in quality. His *Actors* has a subtle beauty in its colour and formal simplicity; its remoteness and detachment are characteristic qualities of O'Neill's work. In his three pictures here Thurloe Conolly is chiefly concerned with abstract problems resolved in terms of muted tone and refined quality and though *Paintings XXIV* and *XXXX* are aesthetic achievements of a high order, one feels that their significance is limited to that field. Nevill Johnson, also preoccupied with form and with an amazing technical *expertise*, betrays at the same time a curiously intellectual attitude towards the object as given. In both *The Family* and *The Quays*, he is engaged in giving painterly form to ideas that are essentially subjective and esoteric. According to the law of his development, as I see it, Patrick Scott should end up with a black point on a blank canvas. Simplicity is a laudable goal in paint, or indeed in any art, only when it is concerned with reducing a complex of relationships to its simplest and therefore its most essential terms. Scott, apart from a short-lived piquancy aroused mainly by a cultivated ingenuousness somewhat akin to that of Gertrude Stein, seems to me to be engaged in restating simple facts of observation unrelated to any larger aesthetic context. Elizabeth Rivers has two very lovely pictures, formally controlled and subtly restrained in colour. I particularly liked her *Pool with Fishes*. Among the rest, I liked Nano Reid's

Country Town for its sombre strength; Patrick Swift's *Self-Portrait*, feelingly honest in its realism; Louis Le Brocquy's delicately formal and tender *Child with Dog*. In the sculpture, I found Oisín Kelly particularly interesting in so far as he combines humour with the formal niceties and respect for his material. Hilary Heron, of whom more anon, was prominently represented.

This year's Irish Exhibition of Living Art was, on the whole, eminently successful; naturally not so selective as the Waddington show, but nevertheless containing a good proportion of lively work. It seems to me rather a pity that the layout of the gallery does not permit the separate hanging of pictures by Continental masters. The still striving disciples should not have to compete with the fathers of the modern movement; nor should the all too rare chance to see two very beautiful Rouaults, *La Petite Eglise* and *Paysage Biblique*, from early Matisse, or even a few airily decorative Duffys, suffer the distractions inseparable from a large gallery. All the painters above mentioned were well represented, particularly Nevill Johnson with the formally intriguing fantasy *Nurses*, Gerard Dillon's *Red Attic* was a welcome departure from his usual *naïveté*. I liked both George Wallace's *Botallack Mine* and Margaret Irwin's *Women on the Shore*. They share a feeling for colour with a strong sense of architectural values. We have an interesting newcomer in Edward Augustine, whose *Self-Portrait* in particular shows him to be a painter whose realism has a curiously tense and nervous quality. I should like to see more of his work. Among the sculpture was a magnificently expressive *Nude* by Marino Marini.

Hilary Heron's earlier work had a certain formal as well as ideological *grandezza*, an impressive handling of mass even in comparatively small works. And though she is still a very young sculptor, her recent exhibition shows her developing quite new formal possibilities in the direction of delicacy and lightness, while still respecting the nature of her material. Her older *expertise* in the handling of mass is still supremely evident in her *Wild Beast I* (limestone) and even more surprisingly so in the very small *Bullock* (Kilkenny marble) with its most satisfying formal economy. But a piece like *Family Tree* (Iroko), or even *Lady of the Rocks* (walnut), is by comparison lighthearted formal *scherzando*. I am in two minds about her large woodcarving, *Pillow Talk* (oak). The female figure has a formal lyricism and clarity, in spite of its massivity; while the male is superficially fretted and confused—a contrast in treatment in a work which sets out to resolve a dichotomy that is both formal and ideal. Nevertheless it is an impressive work. Her work in metal is, on the whole, slighter and more *bijou*. I particularly liked two of her reliefs in lead, *Star in the East* and *Dancer*.

Patrick Pye is primarily a religious painter, and though unschooled in the painterly niceties his work is imbued with such passionate sincerity that one almost accepts his lack of means as a kind of holy poverty. Several studies in each case show his intense preoccupation with the drama of the Visitation and the Annunciation; conceived simply, feelingly and, above all, with an almost embarrassingly tender honesty. Unfortunately in most of his larger works he has not yet the equipment to deal with the formal problems involved. He has, however, the really primary requisite of any artist: something vital to say.

Four of our contemporary painters have entered the field of industrial design. Le Brocquy, Scott, Conolly and Johnson have produced some very interesting designs to be printed on linen for John Maguire. Mlle Noelle Brissac has published a brochure giving details of the enterprise. I mention the fact because I believe that industry in Ireland would benefit greatly by the employment of modern Irish artists in such fields.

Obituary

ALICE L. MILLIGAN.

Alice Milligan, who died recently, was one of the founders of, and one of the most active workers in, the Irish national revival. She founded, and edited, from 1896 to 1899, *The Shan Van Vocht* of Belfast, a monthly national journal which was the worthy precursor to Arthur Griffith's *The United Irishman*, and which included amongst its contributors Griffith, Rooney, Ethna Carbery, Seumas MacManus, and every writer in that dawn of the Revival. In herself she was a host, and her own prose and poetry is all over it. She worked also in the Gaelic League, and in all the literary and political clubs that took being at that time.

Poet, prose writer, and dramatist, she will be remembered longest as poet. In the poetry of the Literary Revival hers is in the front rank, and her one slender volume, *Hero Lays*, published in 1908, is pure gold. Other very good work of hers is still uncollected in journals, and it would repay gleaning, but it would need to be careful gleaning. It does not all reach the high standard of *Hero Lays*, the selection for which was made by A.E.

MRS. MARY ANN HUTTON.

Mrs. Hutton, dead at 91, is hardly a name to the new Ireland. But she was a scholar, a patriotic Irishwoman, and in 1907 she published a retelling of *The Tain* in English verse which has great merit. There was a second edition of it with striking illustrations by Seoghan Mac Cathmhaoil.

P. S. O'H.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE. Edited by A. A. Luce and T. E. Jessop. Volume Six. Edited by T. E. Jessop. Nelson. 30s.

The sixth volume of this notable edition of *The Works of George Berkeley* is aptly described by its Editor as a miscellany that yet has unity. It contains the ethical and political writings; and in the preface Professor Jessop explains their importance for the social historian and for any adequate estimation of Berkeley "as thinker, man, and writer." The range, penetration and integrity of his mind, the continuity of his thought, distinction of style, his compassion and robust sanity are fully evident in these writings that "extend over nearly the whole of Berkeley's life as an author."

The origin of *Passive Obedience* is interesting. Berkeley had given three discourses in the chapel of Trinity College, Dublin, which were misrepresented as Jacobite in tone. He tried by publishing them as a whole in 1712 in Dublin and London to prove the falsity of the charge; but for years it was used to discredit him and prevent his advancement. The work was a challenge to the Whigs and, as Professor Jessop points out, a courageous gesture to make at the outset of his career—though it probably seemed to him no more than a reasonable argument for unresisting loyalty addressed to reasonable men. *Advice to Tories who have taken the Oaths* is a rare pamphlet published anonymously in 1715. It was prompted by Berkeley's dread that Tory distaste for the New Hanoverian line might make the party unmindful of its duty to the Church of England. In *An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*, the South Sea Bubble "haunts almost every line". Berkeley, just returned from the Continent, was appalled by the causes and extent of that catastrophe; and if his judgment of it as a moralist was inexorable, his proposed remedies reflect the considered views of an acute and farseeing economist. The essay ends with a superb passage epitomizing all that he revered and all that he condemned as a Christian, a moralist and a patriot. *The Querist*, the first of his writings on Ireland's economic situation and difficulties, is brilliantly discussed by Professor Jessop. He suggests that the reason for its query-form is that it was "suited both to his love of brevity and his itch for satire."

"At one point he raises his eyebrows and writes blandly, at another puckers them and darts a needle under the skin, and at another his eyes twinkle and his phrases too. The detached reader is nudged into delight by the perfect neatness of insinuation and rebuke. From the literary point of view the piece is a work of epigrammatic genius."

The volume also includes *A Discourse addressed to Magistrates*, *Two Letters on the Occasion of the Jacobite Rebellion 1745*, *A Word to the Wise*, and *Maxims concerning Patriotism*. The editing of the whole is an example of scholarship at its best.

JEAN H. HAGSTRUM. *Samuel Johnson's Literary Criticism*. Minnesota University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 28s.

One still hears, sometimes, on this side of the Atlantic, slighting references to the "heavy industry" of American literary scholarship. And it is true that the products of some university presses in the United States, having found their way into print without weathering the storms of competitive and commercial publishing, are ill-digested and turgid. On the other hand more and more of the really indispensable books, those which record and induce permanent advances in the appreciation and understanding of past literature, are nowadays appearing in the U.S.A.; and too many such books go almost or wholly unnoticed in the British and the Irish press.

Mr. Hagstrum's book is one of these. When English and Irish readers raise an amused or irritated eyebrow at American literary criticism and literary history, they feel very often that such work is too systematic and methodical in its approach to material which does not lend itself to such treatment, being of necessity protean, elusive, and various. This attitude is probably healthy, so long as it leads to no undue complacency about our own more impressionistic and less co-ordinated endeavours. But the American method sometimes comes into its own precisely when it deals with material which is highly idiosyncratic and occasional. Dr. Johnson's criticism is a case in point. It comes down to us in apparently random judgments and asides, in the definitions and examples of the dictionary, in the sweeping generalisations of "Rasselas" and "The Rambler" and the recorded conversations. At no point does Johnson provide anything like a comprehensive critical system; yet we all feel, as we read the "Lives of the Poets", for example, that behind each remark in passing and judgment *ex cathedra*, lies a comprehensive scale of values. Mr. Hagstrum has shuffled and re-shuffled the available evidence to bring out the internal consistency and (by implication) the permanent relevance of Johnson's attitude to literature.

His attitude to literature, of course, is part and parcel of his attitude to life. Johnson's understanding of literary value is subordinate at every point to his understanding of the human condition and human destiny. Like all the great critics, Johnson is a moralist; in other words, he takes literature seriously. And it is this, above all, that distinguishes him from his contemporaries. One of the most salutary effects of Mr. Hagstrum's book ought to be to put paid, once for all, to the still astonishingly prevalent notion that Johnson is the representative eighteenth-century critic, whom we read now to know what the eighteenth century thought about literature, that is, solely for historical interest, as a period-piece no longer challenging our own supposedly more adequate and sophisticated attitudes. Nothing could be much further from the truth. Johnson was too big to be representative. He was odd man out in his own generation. To take only one example, "in resistance to one of the most significant aesthetic tendencies of his century, he consistently separated the pathetic from the sublime." Longinus had hinted that the sublime and the pathetic always go together, and the eighteenth century in general was quick to take the hint, but "Johnson's practice was regularly to resist this fusion of the pathetic and the sublime. He always kept the terms in separate critical compartments." Having grasped this point, and followed Mr. Hagstrum in seeing just what each of these terms meant for Johnson, one sees why, since for Johnson Shakespeare was pre-eminently the

master of the pathetic, he should think Shakespeare's comedies the crown of his achievement; and why, on the other hand, since for him Milton was the master of the sublime, he should underrate Milton's minor poems, "Lycidas", "Comus" and the sonnets.

Johnson distrusted the imagination just because he knew its power. It was because his own sympathies were so quick and his own imagination so vivid, that he thought "King Lear" too harrowing and was content with Nahum Tate's happy ending. It is no part of Mr. Hagstrum's purpose to draw modern parallels, but his admirable development of this simple paradox in Johnson's outlook has relevance quite outside the eighteenth-century. It is the cold and commanding intelligence, such as Sterne's, that woos the emotive, the subliminal and irrational elements in literature; it is the warm heart and the powerful imagination, such as Johnson's, that knows the precariousness of conscious control, which insists most on that control, favouring sobriety and regularity.

This is a short book, and it is not exhaustive. The chapter-headings—"Experience and Reason" (Johnson was an empiricist, no rationalist—how then could he be representative of a so-called Age of Reason?), "The Theory of Criticism", "Literature and the Author", "Nature", "Pleasure", "Language and Form", "The Beautiful, the Pathetic, and the Sublime", "True Wit"—will suggest that Mr. Hagstrum is happiest in the province of generalisation and theory. He could, with profit, have shown more often how the theory worked out in critical practice. It is in the chapter on "Language and Form" that he comes closest to this, and his observations are just and helpful so far as they go. Johnson, he points out, demanded that style be "pure, nervous, elevated and clear"; but each of these terms could well have had a chapter to itself, instead of the one or two paragraphs that Mr. Hagstrum gives them.

But this is in itself a tribute. All we ask of Mr. Hagstrum is a great deal more of what he has so admirably given us. His book should go on the shelf as a standard work, beside W. K. Wimsatt's "Prose Style of Samuel Johnson" and "Philosophic Words"—those other monuments of American Johnsonian study. I must add that the book is written with unaffected grace and elegance.

DONALD DAVIE.

THOMAS BEWICK. By Montague Weekley. Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press. 2rs. net (in U.K. only).

This year is the bi-centenary of Thomas Bewick, and Mr. Weekley's book in honour of this greatest of wood engravers will interest all who, like myself, admired his genius but knew nothing of his life. The author wisely lets Bewick tell his own story, and a great part of the book consists of well-chosen extracts from his autobiography, "A Memoir of Thomas Bewick, written by himself." The Journals of artists always possess great interest, as much for the revelation of the author's personality as for the milieu in which he lived and worked. Who can forget the picture of literary and artistic Paris as described by Delacroix?

Bewick's Memoir is the unique story of an artist craftsman who was also a countryman in the reign of George III. As one might expect, Bewick shows the same vivid and detailed observation in his writing as in his engraving. The early part of the Memoir describing his boyhood at Cherryburn near Newcastle is full of convincing personal history, as when he tells how, for want of artist's materials, he drew his first pictures on the flags and hearthstone of his father's house. Like many country children, he was thoughtlessly cruel to animals, and joined in "the worrying of foxes and fowmarts and otters and badgers" until he began to use them as models for paintings on the walls of neighbours' houses, when interest grew intensified by love, so that in his engravings one of the outstanding qualities is imaginative sympathy with the creatures depicted. This early experience of country cruelty may account for the element of the sinister and macabre in some of his engravings. If one eye was piercingly fixed on life, the other saw death with equal intensity.

In 1767 he left his home to go as apprentice to the Beilby brothers in Newcastle, and said a sad farewell "to the whinny wilds, to Mickley bank, to the Stob-cross hill, to the water banks, the woods . . . and even to the large hollow elm . . . which had sheltered the salmon fishers".

Lucky to have spent his childhood in such beautiful country, of which almost every one of his famous engravings shows some aspect, he was also fortunate in his new masters the Beilbys, who were people of taste and talent. During his apprenticeship Bewick engraved brass clock faces, coffin plates, stamps, seals and bill headings, and so had a thorough grounding in the actual technique of his art. He left with a prize of £7 which, like the devoted son he was, he gave to his mother.

In 1776 he went to London, where his great physical vigour and power of work soon got him a good livelihood, but he disliked the vice and squalor of the capital and suffered so much from homesickness for Cherryburn that, turning his back on personal fame and on the London of Reynolds, Burke, Johnson, Garrick and Boswell, he returned to spend the rest of his life in the place where he was born. "I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley Bank-top than remain in London, although by doing so I was to be made Premier of England".

Back in Newcastle he joined Beilby in the famous firm of Beilby and Bewick and began to engrave the wood engravings by which he is best known, the "Birds" and "Quadrupeds." In an age when mechanical mezzotint reproductions were all the rage, the inspired poetic sensibility, the wonderful observation and technical excellence of Bewick's wood engravings were an extraordinary manifestation of genius, which has influenced and illumined the whole art of wood engraving up to our own day. One of his greatest admirers was Ruskin, who said of him: "The precision of his unerring hand, his inevitable eye, and his rightly judging heart place him in the first rank of the great artists, not of England only, but of all the world and of all time".

The book is illustrated by a representative selection of engravings, and the sensitiveness and accomplished technique of Miss Joan Hassall's portrait frontispiece would have delighted its subject.

MONA GOODEN.

THE STRUCTURE OF COMPLEX WORDS. By William Empson. Chatto and Windus, London. 21s. net.

Mr. Empson's starting point in this long and rather teasing book is an objection to the distinction made by certain writers on linguistics between the emotive and cognitive use of language. He felt, he tells us, that "theorists on language were threatening to affect the ordinary practice of criticism when they claimed that literary metaphors are Essentially Emotive". He felt, it is clear, that such a distinction was far too simple and out of line with the ingenuity of verbal analysis which he himself is accustomed to use in the study of literature; and he here turns his attention from ambiguity of phrasing, as in his previous books, to what one might call the ambiguity—or the richness—or the possible complications of meanings—in single words. (The structure of complex words he calls it—and the word "structure" which has recently become fashionable in literary criticism, with all kinds of rich meanings, might repay a little Empsonian analysis.)

The resulting book is a mixture of linguistics and literary criticism. Mr. Empson has invented a table of symbols to indicate the various senses, implications, meanings "at the back of the mind" found in single words; for instance A for the head meaning, A/I for implication,—A for sense not included, A+ for appreciative pregnancy, A- for depreciative pregnancy: he has also tried to codify, in similar fashion, the process of combination of senses, implications, etc. From that he passes on to illustrate the possible richness and play of meaning in "key-words" of famous writings, such as "wit" in Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, "fool" in *Lear*, or "sense" in Wordsworth's *Prelude*; or to consider the period flavour of certain words at certain times, or their successive development, such as "sense and sensibility", or the "English dog".

It must be admitted that the reading of the earlier part of the book involves a certain amount of tedium, though I am sure Mr. Empson enjoyed writing it. He himself absolves the purely literary reader from the necessity of reading it, but I think this would be a mistake. The book has to be read as a whole to understand its odd, casual but piled up significance. There is no doubt that the sense of the richness and the play of language that emerges from the remarkable ingenuity of verbal analysis displayed by Mr. Empson enlarges and makes more dense, so to speak, our understanding of those poems and plays to which he turns his attention; and one is often lost in admiration at the mazes through which he takes us "with wanton heed and giddy cunning". Sometimes, too, towering conclusions seem to stand on very slight premisses: for instance, "When you call a man a dog with obscure praise, or treat a dog as half-human, you do not much believe in the Fall of Man, you assume a rationalist view of man as the most triumphant of the animals". One trembles for the fate of suspect heretics if ever a Grand Inquisitor should have an Empson at hand to assist his enquiries.

The manner of the writing is discursive and chatty: this begins by irritating but ends oddly by making the reader feel cosy, by giving him a sense that we are all, experts and amateurs, good fellows. It is a nicely flippant and insolent attitude to take towards a formidable subject. The deprecation of experts—buzzsaws as they are called—cozens the reader into believing that the plain man's view is as good as any: he is thus led on to read what the plain man might well

find bewildering. *The Structure of Complex Words* is not an easy book to read; but it is worth the effort: one is left at the end with the sense that there is more in practically everything than meets the eye or comes readily to the mind.

LORNA REYNOLDS.

THE MIDNIGHT COURT. Translated by David Marcus. Dolmen Press, Dublin. (Privately printed for subscribers.)

This is the fourth translation by a contemporary Irish writer of Bryan Merriman's *Cúirt an Meánon Oíche*. In explanation of his aim and impulse David Marcus says, "I was drawn by the challenge of the poem's racy lines and sought the thrill of translating them, by the hilarity of its scenes and wished to share the joke with others, and by the surprising applicability of certain parts of the poem to modern Ireland and wanted the better to examine it in that light. Just as Merriman used the spoken language of 1850 I have used the spoken language of 1950. . . ." David Marcus's original poems have nearly always something of the vigour and self-delight of natural, spontaneous song and it is evident that he got the "thrill" he sought out of translating Merriman. The whole thing is carried through with a tremendous verve and at a pace that makes even Frank O'Connor's translation seem almost sedate. There is nothing squeamish about Merriman's language and his latest translator has certainly not been over-delicate in his choice of modern English equivalents, nor has he lacked the courage to outdo even the audacity of the original satire. In fact so hot is the pace and so high are the jinks that a reader meeting Merriman here for the first time might miss the full scope of the poem and miss the 'saeva indignatio', the humanity and realism, that drive the satiric intent and make *The Midnight Court* much more than a piece of magnificent bawdy. Mr. Marcus has shown himself more than ingenious in most of his adaptations of the Clare spoken Irish of 1850 to the urban slang of 1950. Some of his renderings and interpolations are brilliant, but whether the poem is as Bryan Merriman would "have written it were he alive now and composing in English" is open to doubt. This transposition of the slang and the common imagery of the speech of one period to that of another is a tricky business and such anachronisms as refrigerators, atom bombs or King Kong do not fit comfortably into the piece any more than do such literary intruders as 'By his every perfect attribute' or 'Threatening to become unruly' or 'And none will then my charms refuse'. In fact, for all its racy colloquialism, this version seems less unforced than the shaped and polished translation by Arland Ussher. It remains, however, a tour-de-force of tremendous vitality, with its own rich gusty humour, full of wit and ingenuity. One would have liked to give unqualified praise to the production by the young and enterprising Dolmen Press, but unfortunately the printing falls short of the standard aimed at and there are too many mistakes.

W. P. M.

STORMING THE CITADEL. The rise of the woman doctor. By E. Moberly Bell. London: Constable & Co. 18s. net.

The fight for the recognition of medical women is well portrayed here and is reminiscent of the Suffrage movement. It is strange to contemplate the past when women were regarded as inferior beings, not capable of taking their proper place

in the world. They have proved their worth in every walk of life and the efforts of those pioneers, Doctors Jex-Blake, Elizabeth Garrett-Anderson, Elizabeth Blackwell, Louisa Aldrich Blake and others have borne goodly fruit. Nowadays there is no need to make sex distinction among doctors; the patient can consult either and obtain the best advice from both. On the accession of Victoria to the Throne the progress of women was definitely retarded; indeed the prime object of women then seemed to be to please men. It is surprising to read that it was as late as 1859 that the Medical Register was instituted but women were not eligible although in Italy they were both teachers and students in the Universities. At that time anyone with a Foreign degree could *ipso facto* claim to be put on the Register and this enabled Elizabeth Blackwell to be registered in spite of the rule about women. To-day there is no reciprocity between British and Continental Registers. After Elizabeth Garrett, as she was then, obtained the Apothecaries Hall degree she and Doctor Blackwell were the only women on the Register for twelve years and they were admitted after much wrangling. This anomalous position was due to the perverse attitude of the medical men, which is well exemplified by the great Sir Walter Jenner who "raising his hand to Heaven, testified that he had but one dear daughter, and he would rather follow her bier to the grave than allow her to go through such a course of study." Those of us who are in Ireland may well be proud that we were among the first to throw open our degrees in Universities to women; also the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland was the first College of Physicians to admit women to the Fellowship. Several books about relaxation exercises in Pregnancy have appeared in the last few years but the old adage that there is nothing new under the Sun is well demonstrated by the fact that Annie McCall in 1889 insisted that Pregnancy is a natural and not a pathological condition and she taught her patients the physiology of pregnancy and made them do exercises; in addition she established a school of midwifery which was 40 years ahead of the Central Midwives' Board. In spite of her many wise precepts she must have inhibited progress to some extent for she was an anti-vivisectionist. Even War seems of some benefit for the first world war helped the cause of women in medicine, and they certainly did fine service; in addition, war seems to stimulate a desire for social reform. If a book were necessary to improve the lot of medical women to-day "*Storming the Citadel*" would do so but there is no need for this; they are established.

Doctor Bell's book is a tribute to the pioneers.

A comprehensive bibliography and index are appended.

B. S.

SEVEN FRIENDS. By Louis Marlow. The Richards Press. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Louis Marlow has written a lively and pleasant book of essays—portraits, rather, of friends whose characters and achievements have deeply interested him.

He did not meet Oscar Wilde, but they corresponded; and there is pathos in Wilde's gratitude to the first stranger who approached him sympathetically after his imprisonment, in the way he recovered something of gaiety and enthusiasm as he wrote from Paris or Napoule, but finally shrank from a meeting that might disillusion the ardent young Marlow. The essay includes some hitherto unpublished letters from Wilde to George Ives, and very characteristic they are, though

attuned to the viewpoint of the formidable Ives. Frank Harris, "the most remarkable literary blackguard of almost any century", is described vividly and with relish; and on the fantastic Aleister Crowley Mr. Marlow throws, as Mr. Clifford Bax has also done, a kindly light—however little it may be appreciated by those who like their Crowley lurid. The best chapters are devoted to his very intimate friends the Powys brothers, John, Theodore and Llewelyn, and he sensitively records his appreciation of their singular qualities and memorable books. He suggests, for example, that the genius of John Cowper Powys is "comparable in force with that of Webster or of Ford", and that Theodore Francis Powys is kinsman in the figurative, as well as the literal, sense to John Donne. Llewelyn Powys he thinks of as Nature's apostle. Mr. Marlow concludes his attractive studies with a perceptive chapter on Mr. Somerset Maugham.

THE GREAT MEDICAL BIBLIOGRAPHERS. By John F. Fulton. University of Pennsylvania Press. Cumberlege Oxford University Press. 32s. n.

In this finely illustrated and well produced volume Dr. Fulton has made a very valuable contribution to the ever growing subject of Medical Bibliography, and, in the comparatively small space at his disposal, has contrived to cover almost completely the immense field, from Gesner (1516-1565), who has been rightly named "The father of Bibliography", the earliest, perhaps, of those who had "the noble art of describing a useful and beautiful book fully and adequately", to William Osler and Geoffrey Keynes. Such a survey in less competent hands might have been but a dull affair—a mere list of names and titles, but Dr. Fulton, who had already, while a young scholar at Oxford, "conceived a passion for collecting books", and has contributed much valuable work to the study of medicine and bibliography, has in this compact study given us a fascinating and exciting volume. In the half-dozen pages devoted to Rabelais, who published in 1532—the year in which he also published the first book of Pantagruel—that very desirable little 16mo containing Galen's *Ars medica* and the *Aphorisms of Hippocrates*, Dr. Fulton has compressed a vast amount of information concerning the great writer, and reminds us of a fact—somewhat neglected by his biographers that "Perhaps the most significant point concerning Rabelais' contribution to scientific medicine lies in the fact that he insisted upon dissecting the human body and he urged his students to go and do likewise". In his account of the 17th and 18th century "medicos", almost every name of interest or importance is included, and in an appendix, amongst much of value, he has given us an item of outstanding bibliographical interest—a *list of early medical sales*, which includes the library sales of such mighty collectors as Haller, Sir Thomas Browne, Thomas Hobbes and Sir Kenelm Digby (whose name is curiously misprinted, on the sale catalogue, Kenelmum, a misprint which will recall to collectors of the *Religio Medici* that equally curious "Kenelome" which appears on the first edition of the "Observations" (1643).

The thirty-seven illustrations which follow the text include many title-pages of famous books such as Rabelais' *Aphorisms*, sale-catalogues of famous collections, from Gesner's *Bibliotheca universalis*, 1545, and a facsimile page of Geoffrey Keynes's bibliography of John Evelyn "written out" as, Dr. Fulton tells us his numerous bibliographies have been written, "in his own sturdy and legible hand".

A.B.C. OF ECONOMICS. By Ezra Pound. Peter Russell, The Pound Press. 10s. 6d.

Economics is either a science or it is nothing: it is not a science. Man gains wealth, which means enjoyment, or he destroys it which means economics.

Mr. Ezra Pound, writing this book in 1933, shows how modern man's wealth is destroyed, for power-lust. Since money-tickets give access to wealth, withholding the tickets withholds (destroys) the wealth. Industry cannot distribute goods without distributing *pari passu* an equated supply of tickets. 'Orthodox economics' says otherwise; but the burden of proof, that wealth is distributed, lies with them. It is not enough to put the poet in a madhouse; you must prove his madness, and your sanity.

The publisher's blurb is very silly. It states or implies that literary men dismiss economics as 'dry': they condemn it, actually, as the three-card trick of gangster despotism. Art and 'economics' are internecine. The publishers speak of 'bitter controversies'. A little debate in a Holborn bun-shop or a small Canadian town is not public controversy. There has been suppression; and, since this reviewer had the honour of writing, in 1919, one of the first books on Social Credit, he knows. And he is all for public controversy; the more bitter the better.

Que messieurs les assassins commencent.

M. C.

QUARTET IN HEAVEN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell. 15s.

LOVE IS MY VOCATION. An Imaginative Study of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. By Tom Clarkson. Allen Wingate. 10s. 6d.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith explains in the foreword to her four studies that her approach is psychological rather than biographical. *Quartet in Heaven* is a valuable and finely perceptive contribution to the study of the nature of sanctity, and of those two qualities "which in the saints are present to a heroic degree—the qualities of love and suffering"; and, as one would expect, she avoids even the least of hagiographical excesses.

The essay on St. Catherine of Genoa, which has profited from Baron von Hügel's great work, and that on St. Thérèse of Lisieux are particularly welcome as both saints have been at the mercy of sentimental cults. St. Rosa of Lima, despite Miss Kaye-Smith's brilliant exposition, is too clearly a pathological case with her savage penances and disgusting diet—a soup made of bitter herbs, sheep's gall and ashes—to interest the ordinary reader; but the history of Cornelia Connelly (she died in 1879) and her convent schools is an unusual one and proves her to have been "one of the sanest, healthiest specimens of mental integrity that ever responded to spiritual inspirations."

It is unfortunate that the book has not quite escaped the convert's breathless submission to authority and air of superiority for these distort a little the emphasis on integrity and love.

Mr. Clarkson's study of St. Thérèse of Lisieux is designed for popular consumption. It drips with fervour for the saint and glitters with the best coloured sugar; but despite its confectionery and the cosy intimacies, there is enough that is sober, vivid and sensitive in this account of St. Thérèse's childhood, pilgrimage to Rome and life in the Carmelite convent to make one regret the much better book that the author is capable of writing.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN TEMPEST. By G. Wilson Knight. Methuen. 21s.

Mr. Wilson Knight's interpretative principles and his attitude to intensive scholarship, to source-material and to the poet's conscious purpose have had many critics, and vehement ones; but his writings are recognised as a major contribution to Shakespearean studies.

The theme of *The Shakespearian Tempest*, first published in 1932, is that "the true Shakespearian unity (is) the opposition, throughout the plays, of 'tempests' and 'music' . . . The poet's intuitions of conflict and disorder, and, again, of concord and love, are ultimate. Seeking expression, he gives them one form after another, comic or tragic, historical or pastoral. But they remain ultimates: tempests and music opposed or interwoven." Mr. Wilson Knight traces this symbolic pattern through the plays and the poems, and claims that, if it is scarcely begun, such imaginative study of their essence (that is, the tempest-music opposition) will finally reveal to us the full significance of "a series of single art-forms, together constituting a massive architecture based on the most universal, profound, and potent poetic concepts which the human mind can conceive".

Shakespeare's confidence in his art and in our ability to piece out imperfections with our thoughts does not deter the scholars from prodigious labours on our behalf. The common reader is not always properly grateful; but perhaps he may be forgiven for hoping that the provision, in this revised volume, of an interesting chart to clarify the argument ("a kind of *vade mecum* for the Shakespearian expert. Since these are pre-eminently 'spatial' matters, they will be the clearer from a spatial formulation") will not encourage an outpouring of diagrams still further to prune and sieve and neatly order the plays and sonnets.

Mr. Wilson Knight's method is an impressive one, even if the limitations are obvious; and *The Shakespearian Tempest*, original in its discoveries and illuminating, has profoundly influenced recent criticism.

VIE, SURVIE ET PRODIGES DE L'ERMITE CHARBEL MAKHLOUF. By R. P. Paul Daher. Editions Spes, Paris. 270 francs.

Father Charbel was born in 1828 in a Lebanon village and, as a Maronite, he entered the monastery of Notre-Dame-de-Maïfouk in 1851. His life exemplified the monastic virtues, literally interpreted: harsh and unceasing mortifications; a childish—though here described as childlike—obedience to his superiors and to the monastery's servants; a terror of women so complete that, when he visited the sick, they had to keep out of his sight. "Sa pureté était vraiment angélique" is the odd comment of the author of this ecstatically written little book. For some years Father Charbel was permitted to dwell as a hermit at the monastery of Annaya, increasing his austerities till his death in 1898. The book ends with an account of the 'supernatural' state of his body—now exposed at the monastery—and of the miracles attributed to him. It is suggested that his was a "Vie exceptionnelle par sa prodigieuse similitude avec celle du Christ": a singularly naive conception of Christianity.

MUST WE BURN DE SADE? By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Annette Michelson, with a Bibliography and Chronology compiled by Paul Dinnage. Peter Nevill. 11s. 6d.

The Marquis de Sade is best known as a pornographer and a libertine whose debaucheries were characterised by a lust for cruelty. Which is another way of saying that the real man is not known at all.

"Reason alone should warn us that to injure our fellows can never make us happy", so De Sade wrote, with perfect sincerity. He risked his life to save his enemies from the guillotine; and he preferred "the science of understanding man to that of imprisoning and killing him." Madame de Beauvoir makes plain the importance of De Sade as a social thinker. He was, above all else, an aristocrat and an individualist. What he loathed was apathy and submission to economic administration. Finding no "justice" in Nature he was concerned rather with the liberty of individuals. Man's artificial systems of rewards and punishments must always be faulty, but they need not be grotesque, fraudulent or hypocritical. He was therefore a political anarchist, using his purely personal passions largely as a pose of evil which he defended against the common evil of organised society. With Swift he cried: "Do away with poverty—or with the poor!"

That De Sade's lusts isolated him from society is then a far less important matter than such questions as to whether those lusts would ever have developed in a society not already half insane and based upon fantasies. The *roué* was a criminal, condemned, and broken on the wheel: also contemporary debauchees of rank and title might boast they were *roués*, uncondemned by the law, because they controlled it.

If our civilisations are continually to fail, then there remains only the individual success; and administrations may be judged according to whether they favour or stifle personal liberty. We may learn much from the revolt of a De Sade. We may even learn how to be less cruel.

M. C.

THE NEW INVASION. By Winefride Nolan. Macmillan. 15s.

The New Invasion chronicles the life of the author and her husband on the Wicklow farm where they settled after the last war. Though both are of Irish descent, Mrs. Nolan, as her title suggests, seems to have been rather self-conscious about their position as emigrants who came to "rural Ireland after living for about thirty years, mostly in cities, 'across the Channel'." She describes well not only the rebuilding and cultivating of a neglected farm, but all the disappointments and hardships, and also the compensations, of the small farmer. Mrs. Nolan believes that "The beauty and gifts of the world of nature, unsurpassed by anything of man's creation, demand a response in the emotional, intellectual, and spiritual life of man. When the stimulus is missing, as it must be for those whose lives are bounded by the ferro-concrete of a block of offices and stifled by the plush of a cinema seat, the life of the spirit must be correspondingly atrophied." This somewhat rash generalization and her piety dictate the tone of the book. The characters do not emerge with any clarity; but the whole is pleasantly written and certain to interest many readers.

THE FLAGELLANT OF SEVILLE. By Paul Morand. Translated from the French by Nora Wydenbruck. John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

Le Flagellant de Séville, first published in 1951, has been admirably translated by Miss Wydenbruck. M. Paul Morand has headed each chapter with a reference to Goya's works, and especially to *Los Caprichos* and *Los desastros de la guerra*; and the whole novel, with its extraordinarily vivid scenes of religious processions, of mob violence, carnage and torture during the French invasion of Spain and the inglorious reign of Joseph Bonaparte, is as crowded as the etchings with the abominations of war and sinister vehemence.

The story is one of conflicting loyalties. Don Luis Almodovar, a young nobleman, joins the French party because for him Napoleon represents liberty, justice, enlightenment and a new Europe; but he also loves Spain and adores his wife Maria Soledad, who loathes the invaders and works for their defeat. Events, and especially his wife's death—for which he is unwittingly responsible—completely change him from an idealist, gentle and generous, into a man who lives for revenge. He becomes a sort of civil Inquisitor, exulting in cruelty to others; but the agony that has perverted him is only assuaged when he finally joins the Confraternity of the Great Discipline with its horrible practice of flagellation. This is an outstanding but very sombre book.

THE CARDS OF THE GAMBLER. By Benedict Kiely. Cr. 8vo. Pp. 242. London. Methuen & Co., Ltd. 14s. net.

Benedict Kiely who has written several interesting novels evidently decided to explore fresh woods and pastures new in his present endeavour and he has set himself a difficult task. The theme of "agreement with the devil" is of ancient vintage. It has been successfully dealt with by Goethe and others in the past and by at least one of the modern French dramatists. In *The Cards of the Gambler* Kiely has been influenced to some extent by Eliot's "Cocktail Party". The plot commences with the loss by the doctor hero of all he possesses while playing poker with friends. After this he has several exciting encounters which affect his life, one with a cousin whom obviously he should have married, another with a cleric who claims that he is death. In return for promises of financial and professional success he makes his first bargain with death. What is the bargain? "Fair enough" says Death. "You have now victory in healing over the whole world and that suits me poorly. When you go into a house in which a person is ailing, if I am sitting at the foot of the bed, heal him, but if I am sitting at the head of the bed let me have him or I'll have yourself instead." "It's a bargain" said the gambler. From this point in the story we have glimpses of Heaven, Hell, Spain, Ireland and in some of the countries we find ourselves in hotels, golf clubs, old demesnes and in what seems to be Lourdes. As we delve through the pages of this absorbing novel we are held by some of its lyricism. "Keep your eye on the house in the centre. The road approaching it is a white ribbon, rising and falling over brown bog, wriggling between little fields and huge rocks" and on the mundane side of the picture the description of the gambler. "This is the dry desire for cards, for the feel of glossy resilient, pasteboard between the tips of sensitive fingers for the chance that halts the heart, sets the half-conscious body

and the satiated soul swinging in the air between the fear of loss and the hope of gain". And what is the gambler's end? He went off until he came to the Gates of Heaven but the Gates were closed and he sat on a wall outside and began to play patience. Peter asked him in because of the pity he had shown the orphan. The gambler threw his cards from him and they are spread on a rock at the Gates of Heaven and may be seen by anyone who goes on this road.

Material facts and physical lore are inextricably mixed together and the reader who takes the trouble to separate these and to bring them into conformity will derive pleasure from a work which shows research and industry and will enhance the reputation of the author.

B. S.

BEHIND THE BAMBOO CURTAIN. A Westerner Looks at Japan. By Margery Finn Brown. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.

Mrs. Brown begins her book with a warning: "If the reader is looking for a scholarly, comprehensive study of Occupied Japan, this is not the place to get it. This writer is neither an authority on world politics nor a specialist on Japan." She spent rather less than two years in the country, living in Tokyo and Kyoto till her departure in 1948; yet there is nothing superficial in these impressions of the country and the people. Aware of all the obstacles to understanding—ignorance at first of the language, the regulations that separated occupiers from the occupied, the very different culture and emphasis—her attitude was unpretentious. "Yet our goals were not dissimilar, it seemed to me. We both wanted a roof overhead, a fully belly and a chance at happiness. We were both alive; we had fears and joys, secret foibles and public virtues. A toothache would hurt just as much in Cheyenne as it did in Tokyo."

By becoming a columnist for a Japanese newspaper, Mrs. Brown was able to meet priests, students, artists, journalists, farmers, men and women rigidly conventional or enthusiastic about democracy and progress, however vaguely formulated. She describes the appalling social problems: hopeless refugees, inadequate hospitals, the *lumpen*:

"These are Tokyo's homeless ones: thousands of ragged, diseased skeletons and verminous war orphans who pick pockets and pimp for a living. At night they sleep in the underground approaches of Ueno station or under the damp, rat-infested bridges that span the Sumida. The filth is indescribable. In the day, they claw through the garbage pails behind American hotels and billets."

But she realized that she could best help by trying to appreciate the personal problems and ideas of the people she invited to her home, visited, or met on her travels. So she writes of the house she, her husband and children had in Teapot Alley:

"The warrens of the alley were on three sides of us, every square inch occupied with life. In every cubicle, someone eating, spitting, boiling tea, wrapping a package, washing or giving birth. . . . We were just as curious about them. I might add, as they were about us. . . . There was nothing

grandiose or self-conscious about our relationship. . . . We didn't consider ourselves boarders in the alley even at first. It was our home. And because it was home we immediately began to set down roots, hang curtains and leave our gate open."

Humour, sympathy, a delicate tact and passionate interest in people make this a very attractive and observant book.

MISS FINNIGAN'S FAULT. By Constantine Fitz Gibbon. Cassell. 15s.

Mr. Fitz Gibbon is agreeably temperamental. Asked to write a travel book about the British Eighth Army's route through Africa and Italy, he offered one on Ireland instead. Urged by his publisher not to miss Donegal, he remembered it only as he returned on the cross-Channel boat. Once "under contract to write what must surely be the most difficult if not the dullest work imaginable, an Irish travel book", he decided to lighten the task by using his ancestors as ornamental and easy pegs for his material; but, becoming bored and self-conscious as he collected facts about FitzGibbons and Geraldines in Dublin libraries, he retreated moodily to a small and select bar. Here a sympathetic, if emotional, barmaid, Miss Finnigan, a cheerful Mr. Sweeney and some whiskey set him on his way to Gougane Barra.

If unenthusiastic about Irish High Crosses and the Book of Kells, silent about the Abbey Theatre, acid in his comments on contemporary art, indulgent to the censorship, Mr. Fitz Gibbon is shrewd on such subjects as the country's neutrality and the impact of American culture. What gave him pleasure—and much did—is excellently described. His interest in the eighteenth century persuaded him to examine at length the background, career and personality of John FitzGibbon, first Earl of Clare. The perceptive chapter devoted to him argues that patriotism was "the mainspring of his lonely and sad career", and the gloomy repulsive picture, as the popular verdict is called, is replaced by a fascinating portrait. *Miss Finnigan's Fault* is a discursive and modest and also an able book.

THE CONQUEST OF DEVIL'S ISLAND. By Charles Péan. Max Parrish. 10s. 6d.

In 1928, the head of the Salvation Army in France sent Colonel Péan, then a young officer, to the *Bagne*—the name given to the penal settlement of French Guiana. He was directed to work for the salvation of the convicts, to set up a colony for the *libérés* and, if possible, reunite them with their families, and to organize the return of those who had completed their sentence.

The original purpose of the settlement had been the prevention of crime, rehabilitation, segregation and colonization; but Colonel Péan found on his first visit that the appalling conditions demanded not alleviation but abolition. He and his comrades, men and women, led the same life as the *libérés*, and provided hostels, workshops, and farms for them. Their charity and courage were remarkable for the climate, tuberculosis, leprosy, intolerably sordid conditions and the

lengthy sentences, had reduced most of the convicts to apathy or incorrigibility. Yet what the Salvationists accomplished, though so modestly described here, was noteworthy. Meanwhile the Army and influential friends in France worked incessantly to repatriate all the convicts, and at last succeeded in 1952.

"The *Bagne* has lasted a century. Now it is nothing but a story. The *libérés* have been repatriated. The Salvation Army has completed this task. Unceasing pressure on public opinion has emptied the Penal Settlement and closed its doors. A chapter in social redemption is complete. A Christian task has been accomplished by the power of Christ."

In the history of the Salvation Army, *The Conquest of Devil's Island* must count as the faithful record of one of its greatest achievements.

A SHORT LEASE. By Ernest Frost. John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

THE HILL OF HOWTH. By L. A. G. Strong. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

FAREWELL, CATULLUS. By Pierson Dixon. Hollis and Carter. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Frost's novel is about an impecunious art student, Harry Cull, and his love for the wife of an unusual laundry-owner. The background: a town with all "the ugliness and tenderness of provincial England", its worthies and successful business men, factory girls and art school, its barristers and dons meeting in Georgian houses "for the pleasures of liberalism and gin", is described with incisive grace. The treatment, though careful, of youthful and unrequited passion suffers rather from the artificiality of some of the main characters; but *A Short Lease* has considerable merit as a comedy, and the writing is admirable.

The effect of *The Hill of Howth* oddly contradicts its author's intentions. Mr. Strong has obviously been fascinated by the idea of examining the personality of a man who wakes up on the Hill to find that he has lost his memory. Helped by a decorative Irish actor who has a cottage there, and immensely enjoys the role of psycho-analytical Samaritan, Stuart Rolleston gradually recalls his past and the fact that during the period of amnesia he has been befriended in Dublin by a very odd family. At this point the book becomes superbly alive, and the reader will not easily forget the Professor, the delinquent child Rosie, the depraved cripple Moo, or their surroundings. But, alas, Mr. Strong drags us back to Howth and a final scene in which Rolleston, the actor and a priest tie up with horrid smugness a few stray ends and agree that Rolleston has been given a mess to clear up—the mess being, of course, the Dublin household.

Farewell, Catullus is a very persuasive combination of fact and fiction. The picture of Catullus himself is, as Sir Pierson Dixon explains "inevitably interpretative", but it indicates how close and sensitive has been his study of the poems. The background, political, social and literary, is well described; and Julius Caesar, the notorious couple, Clodia and her brother Publius Clodius Pulcher, Caelius Rufus, Cicero and others are vividly portrayed. This is a fascinating novel with its firm historical structure, and events and characters as they affected a great poet whose passionately intense nature was, in some measure, to ruin his life.

BACK TO BALLYGULLION. By Lynn Doyle. Duckworth. 10s. 6d.

Everyone who has enjoyed Mr. Lynn Doyle's stories about Ballygullion will welcome this latest collection. Pat Murphy announces it as "a gather-up of all sorts; what I've seen, an' what I've heard as I wandered about Ballygullion with my ears open, an' my mouth not very often shut. An' some of it I got from your friend Sandy Morrison, the auctioneer, a better educated man nor me, but just as fond of shoving his neb into other people's business." If forty-five years have passed since these two characters first appeared, neither they nor their acquaintances are in any way changed: bashful or cautious lovers, pretty sly girls, disillusioned wives and husbands, and artful dodgers, still try to get the best of their small world. The book also includes a novelette, *Rosabelle*, about a girl who comes as under-housemaid to Miss Armytage at the Hall, and enslaves all the men from Miss Armytage's nephew and the butler to the page-boy, from the head-gardener and coachman to the bread-man. Mr. Lynn Doyle also finds her archness delicious and makes a frisky tale of Rosie-posey's delinquencies; but one prefers his racier vein.

THE BOY WHO SAW TRUE. With an Introduction, Afterword and Notes by Cyril Scott. Peter Nevill. 12s. 6d.

This anonymous diary of a Victorian boy who was clairvoyant and discovered with bewilderment that the people round him were not similarly gifted, is edited and enthusiastically introduced by Mr. Cyril Scott. It is a lively document, if somewhat vulgar in tone for a boy with an impeccable background: a genteel mother, governess, butler and carriage. One's reaction to its contents depends upon the point of view. The reader of popular occult literature will find himself upon familiar ground; the irreverent will be diverted by the tutor's earnest short-hand records of the messages received by his pupil from other worlds, and subsequent use of them as matter for dictation in the schoolroom; others may find a little distressing the pseudo-biblical language of the Initiates and their platitudes, and the fact that to 'pass on' seems no escape from the dullest of human frailties.

SAFETY LAST. By W. F. Stirling. Hollis and Carter. 18s.

The title of his book indicates the spirit in which Colonel Stirling has chronicled his adventurous life. He has a robust admiration for the British Empire at its most powerful, and a scorn for the period between the First World War and 1939. "During this period the infamous slogan 'Safety First' was coined, and inscribed not only on every London omnibus but on the very hearts of the country's rulers, thus denying us our Elizabethan birthright: the right to adventure in every quarter of the globe." Yet he is more than the conventional man of action; his outspoken criticism of Whitehall policy, especially where the Near East is concerned, is based on intimate knowledge of events. If his book is too crowded with incidents to admit of a detailed examination of affairs in Egypt, the Sudan, Palestine or the Balkans, yet the shrewdness of his judgment is apparent.

Colonel Stirling was born in 1880, and brought up in the suite of rooms at Hampton Court offered by Queen Victoria to his mother. He fought in the Boer

war, was posted to an Egyptian battalion in Khartoum, farmed in British Columbia, ran the Sporting Clubs in Alexandria and Cairo, served as Lawrence's chief staff officer in Palestine, and in 1923 began the reorganization of the Ministry of the Interior for the Albanian Government. By 1931, however, Italian and Yugoslavian hostility to his influence with King Zog made his return to London necessary. "After being the governor of two provinces and an adviser to two kings I thought I would have no difficulty in finding some sort of interesting job. But I was wrong. The great slump was on. . . ." Colonel Stirling turned cheerfully to any available work: exporting dress goods to South Africa, planning a revolution in Liberia, unloading lorries, shop-walking, film making, investigating the methods of police officers, business administration in Rumania. In the last war he operated the telephone censorship for a time; but much more to his taste was fifth column organization in the Balkans and his appointment to the Spears Mission in Syria. In 1945 he was demobilized. "I had had the legitimate satisfaction of remaining on active service, in spite of the War Office, until my sixty-sixth year, and the further satisfaction of having my pension increased from £143 to £160 a year."

Safety Last is colourful, blunt and full of zest; and the pages devoted to Lawrence, for whom he had intense admiration, are of particular interest. Lord Kinross has written a vivid epilogue describing the attack on Colonel Stirling by three Arabs in Damascus in 1949. He ends:

"A few days after the attempted assassination a friend of his was sitting in a small Arab café in the bazaars of Damascus. Two Arabs were sitting at a table next him. He overheard one say to the other:

'Did they really think they could kill Colonel Stirling with only six shots?'"

GILT EDGED. By Joan Butler. Stanley Paul. 9s. 6d.

THE LONG SEARCH. By Gordon Ashe. John Long. 9s. 6d.

Gilt Edged is very light entertainment. The elderly owner of Centern Abbey receives rather unwillingly as guests her brandy-drinking brother, a nephew whom she considers a flibbertigibbet, the glamorous young woman who is pursuing him, a mysterious Mr. Coote, and the nephew of her beautiful secretary. Reggie Wilmot, a schoolboy aged thirteen and loathed by everyone who meets him, is a remarkable specimen. Such comments as "I've never met anyone so completely unconscious as Cyrus Coote. He's brought it to perfection. . . . I know he's a refined type—every inch a lady", come effortlessly from him, and from the other members of the party. Miss Butler's fun with spooks and ouija boards is rather determined, but she has studied her Wodehouse with care.

In *The Long Search*, a British Secret Service agent, Patrick Dawlish, goes to America in search of his wife who has disappeared while on a visit to friends. The man with whom she was last seen has been murdered, and her own death seems probable. Despite increasing danger to himself, Dawlish relentlessly follows each clue. This thriller is ably written, and will be cheerful reading for those who like the hero to endure everything just short of death.

TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING. By Maurice O'Sullivan. Rendered from the original Irish by Moya Llewelyn Davies and George Thomson. With an Introductory Note by E. M. Forster. Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press. 5s.

Mr. George Thomson, who has revised the translation of *Twenty Years A-Growing* for its inclusion in *The World's Classics*, adds a sorrowful postscript to the original preface. Maurice O'Sullivan and his Dublin hostess, Moya Llewelyn Davies, are both dead. "As for the Blasket Island, all the old people who figure in the story are gone; the school was closed many years ago; and the village is in ruins. The population has been reduced to five households, comprising twenty-one persons, with only one child. The mainland is devastated in the same way. Nearly all the young people have emigrated. Everything seems to show that this corner of Ireland is destined to become as desolate as parts of the Scottish Highlands." One is, therefore, the more grateful for the recognition now accorded to the book that Mr. E. M. Forster so delightfully described as "the egg of a sea-bird—lovely, perfect, and laid this very morning."

THE LEGEND OF TARA. By Elizabeth Hickey. The Dundalgan Press. 1s. 6d.

Miss Hickey's account of the history and legends of Tara, of the people who lived there, and of ancient Irish manuscripts is designed for the ordinary reader. Her essay is so agreeably written and informative, its material so well chosen, that it could not be bettered as an introduction to a subject of inexhaustible interest.

FRENCH COUNTRY COOKING. By Elizabeth David. John Lehmann.

A BOOK OF MEDITERRANEAN FOOD. By Elizabeth David. John Lehmann.

These two books deserve much praise and little criticism. They are equally fascinating and combine practical advice on kitchen equipment and menu planning with exotic recipes from France, Greece and Egypt. There are quotations, dissertations and extracts from food conscious people throughout the ages.

In Ireland, however, we meet certain limitations; for example, celery is poor in this country, good olive oil is expensive and the following is a small list of frequently used ingredients which are seldom obtainable here: Pimentos, Pistachios, Fennel, Langoustines, Marrons, Mangos, Carp, Pike, Bass, Gurnett, Bream and Tench. Completely unobtainable of course are commodities such as Octopus and Inkfish. Nevertheless much experimentation is still possible. Soupe a l'ail for those who like their garlic unadulterated . . . gently melt twenty-four cloves of garlic . . . what an exciting basis for a soup.

Unexpectedly one finds the answer to an old culinary problem such as how to serve rice attractively without the agonising possibility of gluey failure.

Each region of France is taken separately and its own famous dishes are described and the use of wines in cooking is urged in a detailed and very tempting way.

Both these books should be in the possession of any enterprising cook.

THE WONDER WORLD OF INSECTS. By Marie Neurath. Max Parrish. 6s.

FLYING THE ATLANTIC. By Manfred Reiss. Max Parrish. 7s. 6d. Parrish Colour Books for Children.

THE LITTLE BALLOON. By Dorothy Craigie. Max Parrish. 7s. 6d.

The Parrish Colour Books for Children are outstanding in the quality of the text and the charm of the illustrations. The descriptions in *The Wonder World of Insects* are simple but exact and will enchant the very young reader; as will the gay fantasy, *The Little Balloon*, delightfully told and illustrated by Miss Craigie. *Flying the Atlantic* is designed to interest boys between the ages of eight and twelve with its careful explanation of Stratocruisers and jet-engined Comets, their equipment, and the work of their crews.

THE BRITISH JOURNAL FOR THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE. George Berkeley Bicentenary. May 1953. Volume IV. No. 13. Nelson. 7s. 6d.

To commemorate the Bicentenary of George Berkeley, *The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science* has contributions by Professor K. R. Popper, Dr. J. O. Wisdom, Dr. A. C. Crombie, and others, on the aspects of his work that come within the province of the Journal. These are summarized in the editorial note under four headings: "(1) His psychology of visual perception: in this he attempted to explain visual judgments by associations with tactual experience. This is regarded by some psychologists as a classic. (2) His criticism of Newton's concept of the infinitesimal: this was highly original and had a marked influence on subsequent mathematics; it was a forceful logical criticism of a subject that loses its *raison d'être* if it is not logical. (3) His view of the nature of Newtonian physical concepts: this contains a most striking anticipation of Mach's criticism of absolute space. (4) His economics: this, with its strong Keynesian flavour, shows a clear grasp of essentials and a considerable power of application to concrete problems." Berkeleyian students will welcome these brilliant studies. Accompanying this issue is an index and list of contents for Volume III, May 1952 to February 1953, of the Journal.

LEONARDO DA VINCI. A Quincentenary Tribute. By O. C. Gangoly. Transaction No. 14. June, 1952. Price: Re. 1s.

HARIDASA SAHITYA. The Karnatak Mystics and Their Songs. By B. T. Acharya. Reprint No. 10. Price: 12 annas. The Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore.

The paper on Leonardo da Vinci by Professor O. C. Gangoly, the distinguished art critic, discusses various aspects of Leonardo's genius. An admirable survey, it is particularly interesting as an interpretation and evaluation from the Indian point of view.

Haridasa Sahitya is the text of a lecture by Shri B. T. Acharya on the Karnatak mystics who had their part in a great religious movement during the Middle Ages. Examples of their devotional songs, translated into English, are given to indicate something of their rich and spiritual content.

ELIZABETH GASKELL. *Her Life and Work.* By A. B. Hopkins. London, John Lehmann. 21s.

The girl, Elizabeth Stevenson, who was to become Mrs. Gaskell, after a bad start—she was one of eight children, only two of whom survived infancy, and she lost her mother at the age of thirteen months—enjoyed a life of singular happiness, tranquility and success. As a motherless baby she was adopted by a sympathetic aunt, and taken to live in a charming country town, Knutsford, the original of Cranford. She was sent to school to Stratford-on-Avon, to an establishment remarkable, we are told, for its liberal course of studies and modern methods. She did a round of visits to relations, and in the house of one of them met, fell in love with and married within the year the Rev. William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister, social worker and intellectual of Manchester. She had four happy and healthy daughters, and these early married years were overshadowed only by one sorrow, the death of a little boy at the age of ten months.

It was to distract her mind from this sorrow that her husband suggested to her that she should write a novel. The result was *Mary Barton*, which was "rapturously" received by the public and the great alike. Mrs. Gaskell leapt into fame overnight, or at least the "Authoress of Mary Barton" did; for the Victorian game of modesty—the concealing of identity when a lady was the writer—was played for some time. However the élite were soon permitted to penetrate the disguise, and Dickens, Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë became her friends. She was fêted and praised and encouraged. *Mary Barton* took, as befitted the wife of a serious social-minded Unitarian minister, for its subject a serious social theme—the suffering of the poor in an industrialised England, but because Mrs. Gaskell was herself as well as a wife, and gifted with a warm heart, an observing eye and a power of clear and easy narrative, she wrote a true and moving novel. She said her rule was to write as if she "were speaking to a friend over the fire on a winter's night and describing real occurrences". This it was that gave to her writing its simplicity, spontaneity and vivid naturalness, its ring of truth.

After that she wrote, in moments snatched from a busy family life, for Dickens's *Household Words* stories and sketches, including the enchanting *Cranford*; she wrote another problem novel *Ruth*, a long serial novel *North and South*, published in *Household Words*; she wrote the incomparable *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, one of the best biographies in the English language, and thereafter several stories and minor novels, and the last group of novels, *Sylvia's Lovers*, *Cousin Phillis*, *Wives and Daughters*.

All of this Miss Hopkins tells us, and we owe her our thanks for her researches in the libraries of England and America, and her reading of contemporary letters and diaries in an attempt to evoke the details of Mrs. Gaskell's life and of her "cheerful, pleasing and cordial" character and manners. But in spite of wide reading, in spite of the attraction of her subject, this is not a satisfactory book. The material is not assimilated; the style is laboured and flat; there is no flow in the narrative. We are not carried onward: we struggle forward; we grew tired of the effort; we have to keep reminding ourselves of Mrs. Gaskell's importance and interest, of her charm, to do our duty by the book and finish it; instead of authority we are offered conjecture—too often a

tentative "must have", "must almost certainly have", "we wonder whether", "may account for", "no doubt", "should have been" takes the place of decisive statement. But good biography is rare and probably only arises from special circumstances, those for instance in which Mrs. Gaskell herself wrote the life of her friend, Charlotte Brontë, where passionate interest and intensity give pattern to facts. Failing that, we ought perhaps to be grateful for patient and pious memorials.

LORNA REYNOLDS.

CHANNEL PACKET. By Raymond Mortimer. The Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.

Channel Packet, first published in 1942, is a selection of essays and reviews written by Mr. Raymond Mortimer for *Horizon*, *La France Libre*, and *The New Statesman and Nation*. In the preface, he reminds us of the journalist's inevitable limitations, and begs "the reader therefore to show his gentleness by taking the contents in small doses, like a medicine, tonic, I must hope, and not disagreeable to the taste, but probably emetic if swallowed at one draught."

Eighteenth-century England and France, and the Victorian Age fascinate Mr. Mortimer; and his lively portraits of Mrs. Thrale, Mme Geoffrin and Lady Bessborough, his survey of the Greville Memoirs and the Amberley Papers, and the artful malice with which he follows the careers of the 'Prelates of the Establishment', make delightful reading. His perception as a critic is, of course, well known; and these characteristic examples are taken at random:

"For (Browning's) genius, like that of Rubens, while it affronts the ascetic, makes magnificently articulate the richness, the peculiarity, the intoxication, of being alive."

"And if the novels of an Arnold Bennett sink under the weight of fact, Virginia Woolf's float upwards and lose themselves in a delicious, veracious, but unsubstantial shimmer. . . . One envies Virginia Woolf, as one envies Watteau or Renoir, the power of seeing the world so beautiful. . . ."

"Balzac has been compared with the painters of the Dutch School. To find his parallel, we should look rather to Tintoret and El Greco."

"There is in (Proust) a great impressionist, whose rendering, not only of things seen but of things heard and things felt, is aesthetically as lovely and significant as the work of Renoir and Debussy. There is in him a great discoverer of truths, whose patient pursuit of the general laws governing human behaviour and sentiment place him with La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère."

"Mallarmé's imagination never spilled into the disorder of deeds; it was decanted, with superlative caution, into the crystal of language."

And when he feels distaste, as he does in contemplating General Booth, Charles Kingsley and Mr. Ezra Pound, he is urbane and memorably caustic.

In his praise of Macaulay and Lytton Strachey, Mr. Mortimer stresses their readability. This quality so marks his own engaging essays that the reader finds himself completely disregarding the advice in the preface.

A WANDERER IN THE WIND. The Odyssey of an Animal Collector. By Cecil S. Webb. Hutchinson. 2rs.

"On reaching the River Pru, about one hundred and twenty miles north of Kumasi, a real oasis came into view. . . . Thousands of weaver-birds were twittering in the trees and large flocks of them were bathing in shallow water. Mixed up with these were whydahs, Orange-cheeked Wax-bills, Bar-breasted Firefinches, and cordon-bleus in great numbers, and other birds such as Spectacled and Fairy Flycatchers, Coppery and Beautiful Sun-birds, and many species of kingfishers. . . ."

Reading this book by Mr. Cecil Webb, the Superintendent of the Dublin Zoo, brings to mind W. H. Hudson: "The cry of the wild bird pierces us to the heart; we have never heard that cry before, and it is more familiar to us than our mother's voice". His account of the collecting trips that took him to Africa, Indo-China, Madagascar, British Guiana, Australia, India and Ecuador is factual and full of adventure; but behind the often laconic, though vivid, descriptions of his encounters with dangerous animals, with ants that in their millions stretched like a black carpet, forest leeches, and of his narrow escapes from death, there is always the recognition that he is not an intruder in this glittering and strange world of which he writes, but at home.

The studies are delightful; the male Satin Bower-bird with his light blue eyes, decorating the ground around his bower with blue feathers, flowers, glass or even cloth; the pet tiny antelope as enchanting as Marvell's faun; Cholmondley, the Chimp, who adored bicycle rides with Mr. Webb; the giraffe that, on the voyage to England, would lick with relish the bare backs of the crew; the gentle elephant Dicksi.

To find the rare mammals and reptiles for the London and Whipsnade Zoos, and birds new to aviculture, discover suitable diets for them all, and devise harmless traps and comfortable methods of transport, Mr. Webb has cheerfully endured danger and what to most people would be intolerable hardship. His book with its vast knowledge, zest and humour may lack elegance of style but it is an enthralling one; and the photographs—many taken by himself—are excellent.

H. M. TOMLINSON. A Selection from his Writings. Made by Kenneth Hopkins. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Chips, the ship's carpenter in *Morning Light*, observed that "Most things are rum, if you look at 'em honest" and as Mr. Tomlinson writes of great seas and shipwrecks, of jungles, trenches in France, of sailors' relics in a grimy auction room, of clippers and barquentines, and London's Dockland, there is a sea-change: a stir malign, nostalgic or heroic scoops up familiar or abandoned things and reveals their marvel.

"From my high window in central Dockland, as from a watch tower, I look out over a tumbled waste of roofs and chimney, a volcanic desert,

inhabited only by sparrows and pigeons. Humanity burrows in swarms below that surface of crags, but only faint cries tell me that the rocks are caverned and inhabited, that life flows there unseen through subterranean galleries. Often, when the sunrise over the roofs is certainly the coming of Aurora, as though then the first illumination of the sky heralded the veritable dayspring for which we look, and the gods were nearly here, I have watched for that crust beneath, which seals the sleepers under, to heave and roll, to burst, and for released humanity to pour through fractures, up from the lower dark, to be renewed in the fires of the morning. Nothing has happened yet. But I am confident it would repay society to appoint another watcher when I am gone, to keep an eye on the place."

The Malay jungle where it was still the first day, and not even noon; night falling in broken thunder; a ship and its crew circumscribed by a sunless incertitude in which ghosts darkened and emerged as seas: everything is shifted nearer. Yet the strangeness and propinquity are discovered by the honest look. As Mr. Hopkins says: "He sees and hears things, and he writes about them. The comment is never commonplace, but the roots are from which it springs. They are, indeed, the greatest and most obvious of commonplaces, birth and death and making something of the years between."

The complaint has been made of his novels that the characters often elude full recognition; but the silences that Mr. Tomlinson allows himself and us test the reader. "Gentle breath of yours my sails must fill, or else my project fails". The serene pessimism that haunts his work, his original vision and descriptive power, the felicity of his studies—here are included portraits of Conrad, H. W. Massingham, Robert Lynd and Cunninghame Graham—make his books memorable.

The present volume is an admirable selection made to mark Mr. Tomlinson's eightieth birthday. Mr. Hopkins warns the unacquainted reader: "To get the best of Tomlinson you must read every word, for 'he is aware of an extension invisible to us' and the quintessence of such a vision cannot be conveyed undiminished from twenty books into one". But he would be a dull fellow who did not look for more.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ENGLISH NOVEL. Volume II. Henry James to the Present. By Arnold Kettle.

THE LANGUAGE AND HISTORY OF SPAIN. By J. B. Trend. Hutchinson's University Library. 8s. 6d. each.

The second volume of *An Introduction to the English Novel* traces, in selected books, the development of the twentieth-century novel. Dr. Kettle examines first Henry James's *The Portrait of a Lady* with its theme of idealized freedom ("it ends, therefore, can only end, in a desire not merely to be free in this world but to be free of this world"); Butler's knife ripping in *The Way of All Flesh* the whole bourgeois upholstery; Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, that vigil by, and portrait of, a dying peasant world. From these last Victorians

and, in their very different ways, 'novelists of the disintegration,' and from Conrad's *Nostromo* that perceived and synthesized the new century's urgent tensions and conflicts, Dr. Kettle turns to Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy. He takes into account Virginia Woolf's criticism of their work and her *To the Lighthouse*; and suggests that despite the flaws in their work and the "radiance which in one sense is life itself" that she brought back to the novel, her achievement was in fact less fruitful than the naturalistic tradition that they acknowledged. The contradictions D. H. Lawrence could not resolve however impassioned and profoundly experienced his struggle; James Joyce as "an aesthete, an artist chasing the chimera of a complete, abstracted aesthetic experience"; and Mr. E. M. Forster's sceptical sophistication, its strength and its vulnerability, are illuminatingly discussed. *The Rainbow*, *Ulysses* and *A Passage to India*, whatever their weaknesses, have a significance so rich, it is argued, that the novels of the last twenty-five years—those, for example, of Aldous Huxley and Graham Greene—are by comparison sterile.

Dr. Kettle's fertile criticism, discernment and balanced treatment make this a most rewarding book.

The Language and History of Spain is a fascinating study of the growth of the Spanish language from its Latin origins to its contemporary usage in South America. Students will find invaluable Professor Trend's summary of the recent discoveries that "put the beginnings of poetry in Spanish nearly a hundred years earlier than had formerly been believed"; and his illustrations from Spanish translations of the Bible. Two voices, the colloquial and the formal, and the influence of such writers as Santa Teresa, Luis de León, Cervantes, Unamuno and García Lorca, are subtly distinguished. To indicate in a small book the background (Spain's political history), the contributions to Spanish of Catholics and Reformers, Jews and Moslems, and the trends of a language spoken by twenty peoples was no easy task; but Professor Trend has performed it with notable clarity and scholarship.

SPEECHES. By Adlai E. Stevenson. Andre Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

In the introduction to this selection from his speeches Mr. Stevenson describes some of the ordeals of a Presidential campaign: every day from eight o'clock, talks, handshaking, conferences, receptions, the ride "through city after city on the back of an open car, smiling until your mouth is dehydrated by the wind, waving until the blood runs out of your arm, and then bounce gaily, confidently, masterfully into great howling halls. . . . Then all you have to do is make a great, imperishable speech, get out through the pressing crowds. . . . But the real work has just commenced—two or three, sometimes four hours of frenzied writing and editing of the next day's immortal mouthings" for stenographers and reporters. Neither the pandemonium in which momentous issues were determined nor the tactics of his opponents disturbed Mr. Stevenson's equanimity. Uncompromisingly for civil liberties, justice, integrity in politics and business, he not only revealed generosity, courage, a pleasant sense

of humour and his considerable experience of affairs, but also addressed his audiences as if persuaded of their modest political maturity.

Mr. Stevenson shares the vision of the founders of the American Republic. The admiration that he has aroused is in part a tribute to the America in which one likes to believe.

GREEK PHILOSOPHY. The Hub and the Spokes. An Inaugural Lecture. By W. K. C. Guthrie. Cambridge University Press. 3s.

This inaugural lecture, delivered in March of this year by W. K. C. Guthrie, Laurence Professor of Ancient Philosophy in the University of Cambridge, eloquently defends "the Cambridge practice of studying the Greeks for their own sake". To see the Greek philosophers as whole men integrated with the spirit of their own period, and to feel them as a still living influence on our civilization, is essential to, and an enrichment of, all classical studies however specialized. From this 'solid hub' in the world of ancient Greece, Professor Guthrie turns to a brief consideration of some of the many affinities of Greek philosophy—the spokes of the wheel that radiate in all directions. His lecture is an impressive statement of his belief that the subject thus conceived and studied "will contribute to the story of human reason in its daemonic efforts to grapple with what Aristotle called 'the ancient, the modern, the everlasting question: what is reality?'"

ÉTUDES ANGLAISES. Mai 1953. VI^e Année. No. 2. Didier, Paris. 400 fr.

The May number of *Études Anglaises* is of considerable interest. It includes Mr. Charles Morgan's P.E.N. lecture, "Dialogue in Novels and Plays"; part of a chapter on the period 1914-50 which M. Louis Cazamian has written for a new edition of *l'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*; and extracts from unpublished material for a book that Charles Du Bos had planned to write on Keats. The critical studies, notes and reviews in the issue are excellent.

SHOULD FATHERHOOD BEGIN AT FORTY? By E. Orson Brower. Elbert Orson Brower, Philadelphia.

Mr. Brower's argument seems to be that those who do not answer his question in the affirmative "do not understand the intrinsic nature of that most brilliant flower of maturity—Intellectual Genius." It appears that his own parents were over forty when he was born, which doubtless attests the wisdom of his very excited advocacy of such deferred fatherhood. But heavy leaning on the most vulgar of printers' devices to emphasize his ideas, self-adulation and formless presentation of his case, suggest—and no doubt rightly—that Mr. Brower expects his readers to consist only of those inured to the worst excesses of American advertising.

IRISH HISTORICAL STUDIES. Editors: R. Dudley Edwards and T. W. Moody. Vol. VIII, No. 31. March, 1953. Hodges, Figgis. 10s. 6d.

The joint journal of the Irish Historical Society and the Ulster Society for Irish Historical Studies has, in this number, a valuable paper by Professor Aubrey Gwynn, disproving the common assumption that, till the twelfth century, Ireland lay outside the full stream of European life. The evidence collected by Father Gwynn of contacts with Rome by way of pilgrimages, and with Norway, Germany and France, is impressive, and presented here with all the charm of urbane scholarship. Professor P. J. Corish has contributed a distinguished study, "Two contemporary historians of the Confederation of Kilkenny: John Lynch and Richard O'Ferrall." Mr. C. H. D. Howard's article gives several documents relating to the Irish 'central board' scheme, 1884-5, to supplement those printed by J. L. Garvin in his *Life of Joseph Chamberlain*, and to clarify both the nature of the scheme and the history of the negotiations connected with it. There are also many reviews of books and historical papers.

BOOKS ABROAD. An International Literary Quarterly. Spring 1953. University of Oklahoma Press. One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents.

Books Abroad, apart from its reviews of current foreign books and its usual features, devotes this number of Spanish writing. Sr. Arturo Barea has contributed an important survey of Spanish literature in the last twenty-five years; and there are essays by Miss Marguerite C. Rand on Azorín, and by Mr. Jacob Ornstein and Professor J. Y. Causey on Camilo José Cela.

HERMATHENA. A Series of Papers by Members of Trinity College, Dublin. No. LXXXI. May 1953. Hodges, Figgis. 10s.

In December of last year, the Friends of the Library of Trinity College commemorated the bicentenary of Sir Hans Sloane's death by an exhibition of books and manuscripts; and in this issue of *Hermathena* Dr. E. St. John Brooks gives an account of the collection of Sloaneana, and a sketch of his career. Mr. F. La T. Godfrey discusses "The Idea of the Mean" with special reference to Aristotle and Hegel; and Dr. W. B. Stanford in "Studies in the Characterization of Ulysses.—VII" examines seventeenth-century hostility to the Greek heroic tradition. Trinity College in 1830 was scarcely less indifferent than Oxford or Cambridge to the professional schools. In their interesting paper Drs. R. B. McDowell and D. A. Webb describe the prevailing conditions, the signs of approaching change, and some of the outstanding figures in the different schools. There are also essays on Latin Verse by Mr. W. Beare and on Lucretius by Mr. B. Farrington, and several reviews.

A SOURCE BOOK OF SCOTTISH HISTORY. Edited by William Croft Dickinson, Gordon Donaldson and Isabel A. Milne. Volume II: 1424-1567. Nelson. 10s.

A Source Book of Scottish History, compiled by the staff of the Department of Scottish History in the University of Edinburgh, is admirably planned. The second volume, like the first, is an anthology of extracts from original documents, with careful translations from Latin and French, dealing with constitutional, social and ecclesiastical aspects of the country's history. It is a valuable and highly interesting work of reference for teachers and students; and the arrangement and commentary are balanced and illuminating.

LET IT COME DOWN. By Paul Bowles. John Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

This is the story of the flight of a man from the boredom of a New York bank, the flight of a bumble bee into the evil webs of the international crooks of Tangiers, where futilely, under the influence of hashish, he justifies its reputation by becoming an assassin. This aimless end to a blind hegira is told with a wealth of colour, but the strange female characters are more real than the hero and their sinister suggested backgrounds tantalize with hints of deeper psychological interest than the blundering haphazard flight of the ex-bank clerk.

Confluence. An International Forum (Cambridge, Massachusetts), is published under the auspices of the Summer School of Arts and Sciences and of Education of Harvard University. "It is a quarterly designed to give Europeans and Americans who do not yet qualify as 'elder statesmen' an opportunity to exchange views on contemporary problems in politics, philosophy and art." The first issue is a symposium on the subject 'What are the Bases of Civilization?' and the contributors include Reinhold Niebuhr, Pierre Emmanuel and Umberto Segre. The second number discusses the subjects 'Can Contemporary Problems be solved by the Democratic Method?' and 'The Meaning of Neutralism'. This publication, scholarly, balanced and searchingly engaged with international problems deserves wide support.

Annual Report of the Fund for Adult Education, 1951. This Report gives an interesting account of the broad aims of the Fund, established by the Ford Foundation, its programme and activities.

Trace. No. 1. (Villiers Publications, 9d.) provides a directory of poetry and small literary magazines in the English language appearing throughout the world, and also a brief survey of their current trends.

